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The Shape of Things

THE RED ARMY CLAIMS THAT IT IS NOW closing in on Viipuri from three sides, but the Finns, while admitting a slow retreat, declare that the enemy will yet pay dearly for its ruins. It is not clear, moreover, whether the capture of this city will enable the Russians to outflank the remainder of the Mannerheim Line, or whether they will still face defenses comparable to those that forced them to spend three months in advancing fifty miles. But while the Finns are still far from conquered, their situation is inevitably deteriorating. Nor will the loan which has been granted by the Export-Import Bank do a great deal to turn the tide. It does give Finland command of credit here, but before it can be translated into the planes and guns which are the most urgent necessity, Finland must go through the time-consuming process of finding markets for the non-military goods to the purchase of which the loan is restricted. As a gesture from a great and secure democracy to a small one fighting for existence, the device adopted by the Administration and Congress for helping Finland appears neither very heroic nor very generous. Nor does it provide very substantial backing for the rumored efforts of our Ambassador in Moscow, Laurence A. Steinhardt, to persuade the Soviet government to call a halt and attempt to negotiate peace. Now that they have seized so much of the Karelian Isthmus, the Russians cannot claim that Leningrad is in danger, and the Finns, whose hopes of really adequate assistance from outside have dwindled, might now be willing to meet demands at which they formerly balked. Of course, if Stalin is determined to enthrone Kuusinen in Helsinki, no peace is possible, but in view of Soviet losses and dangers threatening elsewhere, it might be worth while to discover that this comrade is a Trotskyite and liquidate him.

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ITALY'S PROTEST TO BRITAIN AGAINST THE stoppage of coal imports from Germany, though strongly worded, is probably not to be taken too seriously. The inconveniences caused by Britain's drastic system of contraband control may give Italy grounds for complaint, but there is little, short of declaring war, that it can do about it. Transport difficulties impede the importation of coal, which is vital to Italian industry, by overland routes. Freight routes from the United States are almost prohibitive. And entry into the war on the side of Germany would complicate rather than solve the problem. So in the long run it may be assumed that Italy will have to obtain its coal in England, despite its obvious reluctance to do so. Meanwhile, Mussolini is doubtless under pressure from his axis partner to make his protests as vigorous as possible, and there is a possibility that he hopes his threats will gain for him some concesssions from Britain, such as a relaxation of contraband control. The violence of his protests may also serve, in an indirect way, to embarrass the Allied position in the Near East.

*

THE CASE OF GUSTAV REGLER THREATENS to mar the visage of *la belle France*. Regler, a victim of Hitler and a fighter against Franco, seems now to have become a victim of Daladier's concentration-camp method of dealing with anti-fascist refugees. Longmans, Green announces the coming publication of Regler's latest book, "The Great Crusade." In this work the distinguished German novelist tells the story of the International Brigades, with which he served in Spain. Why a man of his caliber and known anti-Nazi sympathies should be in a French concentration camp is beyond us, but M. Blum might add the case to his dossier on the poor publicity job the French are doing abroad.

*

A COMPLETELY CLOSED DOOR FOR WESTERN capital is indicated in the agreement between Japan and the Wang Ching-wei puppet government as disclosed by two of Wang's former followers. The terms of the agreement, which have not been denied in Tokyo, provide a virtual Japanese monopoly in the fields of mining, railways, aviation, telegraphs, telephone, and water and electric power. These are, almost without exception, the areas in which Western capital has been chiefly invested. Great Britain has extensive interests in mining and railways, and the United States has heavy investments in aviation, telephones, and other public utilities. Needless

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to say, Japan did not consult the United States or any other Western power in concluding these arrangements. They confirm our long-standing suspicion that the Japanese invasion of China, though ostensibly directed against the Chinese, was primarily an attack on American and European interests. From this standpoint, China has indeed been fighting our war, and the assistance given it has been pitifully weak and inadequate.

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THANKS TO SENATOR NORRIS'S FIGHTING ability and Arthur Krock's indiscretions, the 250,000 holders of securities in the bankrupt Associated Gas and Electric system will not be at the mercy of trustees picked by A. G. and E. management and Wall Street bankers. Federal Judge Leibell's choice of Walter H. Pollak, Denis J. Driscoll, and Dr. Willard Long Thorp to manage the billion-dollar holding-company system could hardly have been bettered for competence and courage. Mr. Pollak's record as a lawyer and his reputation as a liberal inspire confidence. Dr. Thorp brings the widest knowledge of economic and financial affairs to his new assignment. He is economic adviser to the Secretary of Commerce and director of economic research for Dun and Bradstreet. Mr. Driscoll was the Congressman who brought the famous phony A. G. and E. telegrams to light in the fight over the Wheeler-Rayburn Holding Company Act; there seems to have been no small connection between his defeat for reelection and A. G. and E. enmity. He was later appointed head of the Pennsylvania Utilities Commission. In view of the calm attitude taken by the SEC toward the fact that John W. Hanes was sponsored by interests close to A. G. and E., this trio of trustees is probably better than the SEC itself would have been. Again we must thank Mr. Krock, whose column in the New York *Times* gave the public its first glimpse of the Hanes affair, and Senator Norris, who took up the challenge of what might have been another typical "arranged" receivership.

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THE A. G. AND E. BANKRUPTCY COINCIDES in time with the SEC order to start the long-awaited reshuffling of holding-company systems under Section 11, the so-called "death sentence" section, of the Holding Company Act. The bankruptcy serves to remind the public of the grave evils made possible by holding-company complexities in the field of public utilities. The act itself has been criticized as a menace to property rights, but the real menace to property rights lies in the use that a smart promoter can make of holding-company devices to loot other people's property. The A. G. and E. proceedings should serve to dramatize the evils that enforcement of Section 11 may bring to an end, for a comparatively infinitesimal $500 tail wagged that huge billion-dollar dog. The Federal Trade Commission inquiry showed that Hopson's control of A. G. and E. derived from a $500 investment in a Massachusetts Mutual Trust tucked away at the top of the corporate pyramid he erected. The same potentialities, if not actualities, of abuse exist in the other holding-company systems. Electric Bond and Share and Engineers Public Service are the first systems to be tackled by the SEC. Exchange of plant or sale of stock are but two of the methods that may be used in reorganizing these huge holding-company systems into geographically integrated and economically sound systems. The investor will be protected rather than hurt by the law's enforcement.

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AS AN EXAMPLE OF DIRTY POLITICS THE attack being made on this year's census questionnaire is hard to match. Eager to grasp any stick to beat the New Deal with, a group of Republicans are attempting to work up popular feeling by assertions that the Administration is violating the Bill of Rights by seeking information about such matters as housing conditions and unemployment. These are two problems which all political parties agree are definitely the concern of the government but in regard to which accurate and complete information is lacking. Yet objections are being raised because the census-takers are being instructed to inquire not only about the employed status of each adult but about family income. This second question is of major importance since there is reason to believe that chronic underemployment constitutes a very important part of what we call the unemployment problem. Its true extent, however, can only be gauged by asking questions about income. The housing section of the census, which seeks information about the construction of homes, appliances and services used, mortgage position, and so on, will yield facts essential for the development of housing policies. Moreover, data of this kind are needed, and have been requested, by an important group of industries which were consulted in drawing up the schedules. The American census is, in many ways, a statistical model, and the Bureau of the Census has an honorable record for efficiency and integrity. The individual returns it handles cannot be made available to any outside department. Census-taking depends on the cooperation of all the people rather than on penalties, and demagogues who for political reasons attempt to sabotage it by working on the fears of the ignorant and hysterical deserve condemnation for utter irresponsibility.

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GENUINELY SUBVERSIVE IS THE ATTACK ON the alien in this country, for it breeds a habit of racial discrimination and a consciousness of different racial stocks that menace national unity. The American Com-

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mittee for the Protection of the Foreign Born, which has just ended a two-day conference in Washington, is also protecting the American born. Time and again the entering wedge for an attack on civil liberties or trade unionism has been an attack on the foreign born. This was true in the days of the Alien and Sedition Bills under John Adams as it was true in the days of the Palmer red raids, and it is true again today. United States Commissioner of Immigration Houghteling in a letter to the conference stated that only 19,398 more aliens entered than left the country from July 1, 1930, to June 30, 1939. During the same period death reduced our unnaturalized immigrant population, most of it elderly, by 900,000. The conference launched a campaign against anti-alien measures and received a message from the President implying his general support of that campaign. Mr. Roosevelt called it one of our greatest achievements that racial groups divided by hatred abroad are united and merged into a common Americanism here. He warned that "any oppression, any injustice, any hatred, is a wedge designed to attack our civilization."

*

ONLY SIX OF THE STATES HAVE BUDGETS larger than the cost of relief in New York City, and two recent reports on its administration merit nation-wide attention, for both reveal conditions also existing elsewhere. William Hodson, the city's welfare commissioner, points out that arbitrary cuts in WPA have greatly increased the burden of relief on the city, and asks that the federal government again assume part of the cost of home relief. Washington has been too prone to believe that it has reduced unemployment and the need for relief when it has cut the WPA rolls. The Commissioner also objects that criticism of relief "is placed upon the act of giving and taking relief rather than upon the fact that millions of our workers who are ready and willing and able to work cannot find jobs." In 1934 New York saw disorders and mass protests over the city's refusal to deal with organizations of persons on relief. The Commissioner now reports that trouble of this kind has almost vanished since city officials and organizations have become used to negotiating problems in much the same way that these are handled by recognized and established trade unions. In this connection it is interesting to note that Colonel F. C. Harrington, WPA administrator in the city, reports that 13,000 skilled workers were discharged from WPA for striking against the abandonment of prevailing wages. Colonel Harrington also declares that work has been disrupted, morale lowered, and production costs on projects doubled by the loss of skilled workers under the new eighteen-month "furlough" law. We hope that progressives in Congress will fight for repeal of this provision.

OUR FAVORITE RED MENACER OF THE WEEK was Arthur J. W. Hilly, former corporation counsel of New York City. Mr. Hilly told the Order of Seville at a communion breakfast that subversive elements were trying to stop the Dies investigation and that united Catholic action was needed to fight this "evil influence which would tear Jesus Christ out of the very heart and soul of mankind." Mr. Hilly went on to express the hope that "the order's communion breakfast in 1941 will see a Democratic Mayor in office once again and the proud glories of Tammany Hall restored." Good old 100 per cent American Tammany!

"Plot" Against Hoover

THAT bulwark of civil liberties, the Hearst press, has sprung to the defense of J. Edgar Hoover. Black headlines screamed from the front pages of the New York *Journal-American* last week: "Plot to Smear G-Man Hoover" and "Reds 'Smear' FBI." Mr. Hoover has long been a protege of Hearst. No public figure is treated more tenderly by the Hearst newspapers than J. Edgar Hoover. The *Daily Worker,* the *New Masses,* the *New Republic, The Nation,* Senator Norris, and Representative Marcantonio were all linked together by the *Journal-American* as conspirators in this "red plot."

But Hearst's New York newspaper, and no doubt his papers in other cities, neglected to name some of the other participants in the "plot." The New York *Daily News,* slightly to the right of the *Daily Worker,* has been running some embarrassing stories on the chief G-man from Washington ("Hoover FBI Hunts Vice, with Major Crimes Unsolved") and from Miami ("J. Edgar Chases Nothing but Sun, Miami Mutters"). Mr. Hoover's "swanky cottage at the exclusive and expensive Nautilus Hotel" in Miami has drawn the fire of the *Daily News,* and it has asked editorially whether Congress would not be wise to investigate Mr. Hoover. The Scripps-Howard press seems to be another participant in this plot. Both Ludwell Denny and that well-known fellow-traveler, Westbrook Pegler, have been taking pot shots at the G-man. Pegler called Marcantonio a "Bolo statesman," but he coined some new Peglerisms for J. Edgar and his works. He called the G-man "a night-club fly-cop" and a publicity hound pandering to "gents'-room journalism." "He would be a great attraction," Mr. Pegler wrote, "as a keyhole columnist and log-roller, and he should be worth something at current rates, with fifteen minutes of hysterics on the air composed of unimportant and unconfirmed innuendoes about people too big and too contemptuous to talk back." Mr. Hoover had better put Mr. Pegler in that card file right away.

It happens that Mr. Hoover is a victim not of a red plot but of his own itch to publicize and dramatize him-

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self. The Detroit and New York raids on Spanish veteran organizations so far overstepped the bounds of decency and legality as to make many people wonder about Mr. Hoover's trustworthiness as a law-enforcement officer. It sent them back to examine his little-publicized testimony in November and again in January before the House Appropriations Committee, and what they found indicated that he was prepared for a repetition of the Mitchell Palmer raids and roundups that disgraced the Department of Justice after the war. *The Nation* called attention to this testimony last week, and we shall have more to say of Mr. Hoover's methods later. We are glad to see that Attorney General Jackson is also alive to the danger of permitting the FBI to grow into an OGPU. "Law-enforcement officers," he said at Philadelphia the other night, "must be the first to obey the law." The secret services of both the Treasury and the Post Office seem to manage to operate with great efficiency without overstepping legality. But one never meets their directors in our niftier night spots, nor do they get their pictures in the papers.

Safe for Fascism

SINCE Sumner Welles is maintaining complete silence during his mission, we shall not know until he returns and reports to the President what impressions he has received as a result of his visits to Rome and Berlin. But calculated indiscretions in both those capitals have given us some clue to the kind of impression the Italian and German governments have tried to give him. Mussolini, it is fairly certain, talked peace and talked it with sincerity, for although Italy is deriving some economic advantages from the war, a prolonged conflict will render its position, and that of the Fascist regime, more and more precarious. Should the war spread to the Near East, the pressure on Italy to choose sides may become irresistible before it has become clear which is the safe side to choose. Geography and the sentiments of the people tend to push Italy toward the Allies, but the Duce's own inclinations and the ideological identity of his regime with Nazism make the pull of the axis strong. An early peace which recognized Hitler's right to keep his conquests would suit Mussolini's book very well. By heightening totalitarian prestige it would bolster his domestic position; by weakening that of the democracies it would help him to press his claims on Tunis, Suez, and Djibouti. In short, it would make Europe safe for fascism.

On the other hand, if unofficial but obviously inspired statements made in Berlin are to be believed, the Nazi leaders emphasized to Mr. Welles their determination to fight until Britain is smashed. The war aims they are supposed to have communicated to him are ones that could only be realized after a total victory. They include an absolutely free hand in Eastern and Central Europe, the return of the old German colonies as a preliminary to German participation in the world's riches, economic organization of Europe in a way which would permit the "dispossessed" but virile nations to trade on equal terms with the "plutocracies," the surrender by Britain of such key positions as Gibraltar, Suez, and Singapore, together with a "freedom of the seas" which would insure Germany against any future blockade. If these modest proposals really represent Hitler's minimum terms, then clearly he is looking for a fight to a finish. It is interesting to note, however, that the German people have been told nothing of the substance of the conversations with Mr. Welles. The "high authority" talked for foreign ears only; Germans cannot be allowed to know that a possible mediator has been presented with a program which, if seriously intended, would shatter the last hope of peace by negotiation.

Under these circumstances it seems likely that this statement of war aims, like the new threats of a *Blitzkrieg* which have accompanied it, is really a move in the war of nerves and designed to persuade the Allies to talk peace. For simultaneously suggestions have been reaching London, through channels connected with Berlin, hinting at a plan of accommodation which would leave Poland and Czechoslovakia nominally independent. Once again Hitler is saying in effect: Come to terms now, or else. . . . And why not? Any peace which left him in effective control of Eastern and Central Europe, and free to cement economic ties with Russia, would give him all the fruits of victory. Europe would be safe for fascism, and a final settlement with France and Britain could await his convenience.

India in Revolt

IN ITS resolution proclaiming a campaign of civil disobedience unless Britain takes immediate steps to assure India's independence, the Executive Committee of the Indian National Congress has issued a final warning. For months the Congress leaders have been engaged in futile negotiations with the Viceroy and other British representatives. Both sides have been adamant. The British, while assuring India of their ultimate desire to grant self-government to the Indian people, have insisted that no action could be taken during the war because of the as yet unsolved problem of the Moslem and other minorities. The Congress leaders, remembering the unfulfilled promises given during the last war, have made their support in the present war conditional on immediate concessions in the direction of full independence.

To what extent the British government is sincere in maintaining that it dare not grant immediate independ-

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ence because of the minority problem it is difficult to say. While no one would deny that the minorities exist, they are quantitatively much less important than is usually supposed. The Moslems make up only about one-fourth of the population, while the aggregate of princes, Europeans, Eurasians, and other minority groups opposed to the Congress is negligible. Moreover, a very substantial proportion of the Moslems are members or supporters of the National Congress. In fact, the civil-disobedience movement was first announced by Maulana Abdul Kalan Azad, a Moslem who has just been elected president of the Congress to succeed Nehru. It is a matter of some dispute whether Mohammed Ali Jinnah, president of the Moslem League, actually represents a majority of the Moslems in opposing immediate independence for India. In any case, Gandhi has given concrete assurances that the interests of the minorities will be respected, and as the British have had ample opportunity to discover, Gandhi's word is never given lightly. Nor is there any reason to believe that he could not bring the Indian people as a whole to honor any pledge he might give. Although there have been times when extremists have violated his pledges, he has always been able in the long run, by appealing to the loyalty of the masses of the Indian people, to redeem them in full. If Britain is sincere in its professed intention of granting self-government to India, there is every reason why it should act while Gandhi is yet alive to work out the necessary guaranties for the minority groups.

To some it seems indefensible for India to threaten civil disobedience while Britain is engaged in a life-and-death struggle against Nazi aggression. On this issue the position of the Congress is admittedly a difficult one. But it is one that has been studied and debated for years. As one looks back over the resolutions of the Congress, one finds that it has been grappling with the issue since 1936 with ever-growing clarity. The Congress leaders have made it plain from the beginning that they are unqualifiedly opposed to fascist aggression. But they have not neglected to point out the British government's very great responsibility for that aggression. And they have reiterated, over and over again, that the decision regarding Indian participation in the war must be made, not in London, but by the Indian people themselves. Furthermore, India has asked that Britain demonstrate its faith in the democratic ideal for which it professes to be fighting by extending democratic rights to India. The latest Congress resolution sums this up as follows:

> If Great Britain fights for the maintenance and extension of democracy, then she must necessarily end imperialism in her own possessions, establish full democracy in India, and the Indian people must have the right of self-determination by framing their own constitution through a Constituent Assembly without external interference. . . . A free, democratic India will gladly associate herself with other free nations for mutual defense against aggression. . . . The working committee, therefore, invite the British government to declare in unequivocal terms what their war aims are in regard to democracy and imperialism and . . . in particular, how these aims are going to apply to India.

The declaration of a civil-disobedience campaign puts Britain in a position where it must make an immediate decision. While action is being deferred a few days, at Gandhi's request, in order to allow time for negotiation, it is probable that the campaign will start no later than March 17, the date set for the next session of the Congress. Rejection of the demands of the Congress will precipitate a costly and fateful struggle for Britain, one which will have repercussions on British prestige throughout the world. In the United States, for example, much of the sympathy and support which Britain now receives will be forfeited if it brutally represses India's striving for independence. Whatever its past record in India, the British government can hardly be prepared to pay the price of such a struggle.

Frank but Not Candid

THE easiest way to summarize the report of Glenn Frank's Republican Program Committee is to say that it comes out for the New Deal with ifs and buts. The report was intended to serve as an arsenal for the 1940 campaign, but the weapons supplied seem chiefly boomerangs. The Democrats could find no more graphic testimonial to the permanent character and historical importance of the changes associated with Mr. Roosevelt's Presidency. Read in the light of the "rugged individualism" campaign of 1932, the report shows the extent to which the Republican Party has been forced to accept the leadership, not of Mr. Hoover or of Mr. Landon, but of Mr. Roosevelt. The intent to sabotage his reforms is clear enough to one who reads this program carefully —and between the lines—but the report is nevertheless forced to pay him the tribute of indorsing the principle of virtually everything he has done. Mr. Hoover still belongs to the Republican Party, but the Republican Party no longer seems to belong to Mr. Hoover. It accepts collective bargaining, relief for the unemployed, social security, soil conservation, subsidies for agriculture, reciprocal trade agreements, regulation of stock markets, government "yardstick" competition where necessary, minimum-wage and maximum-hour legislation, and even the impossibility of returning to the gold standard at this time. In what, then, does it differ from the policies of Mr. Roosevelt?

It differs only as the plugged nickel does from the genuine. This program is no doubt honest in its implied pledge to keep New Deal legislation on the statute

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books, but there are more ways than one to skin a statute. The Republican administrations which followed Wilson's repealed neither the Clayton Act nor the Federal Trade Commission Act. The Federal Trade Commission continued in existence, but it soon became a means not of policing industry but of extending old-age assistance to some of the Grand Old Party's deserving poor. New Deal reforms are susceptible to the same treatment. It may be that we are over-suspicious. It may be that Ernest T. Weir, who has just been appointed chairman of the Republican National Finance Committee, is preparing to pass the hat among his Wall Street friends on the basis of a frank pledge to carry on the New Deal. We have too high an opinion of Mr. Weir's astuteness to believe it. The program shows that the contributors will get their money's worth if the Republicans win. Its position on the Securities Act is an example. The Glenn Frank brain trust—another Democratic imitation, incidentally—thinks "full disclosure" on security sales "as vital as protecting consumers against adulterated or poisonous foods." But they believe sellers of securities are being asked to disclose too much. The reference to protecting consumers against adulterated foods is itself a wink that potential contributors will not be slow to understand.

Similarly, the ifs and buts on collective bargaining and the Wagner Act are sufficient to give business all the amendments it has been asking. Without saying so, the report implies repeal of the Wage and Hours Act, for it proposes wage-and-hour protection only where collective bargaining is not possible. The program committee does not object to government "yardsticks" in the power industry, but its proposals on accounting methods and delimitation of territory will not antagonize Mr. Willkie. It approves reciprocal trade agreements but recognizes with equanimity that "the present trend toward national self-sufficiency" may require another and bigger dose of Hawley-Smootism. It agrees that the unemployed must be fed, but wants "local forces" to determine relief allowances and methods. It is for social security but objects that pay-roll taxes do not represent taxation on the basis of ability to pay. It is for taxation on the basis of ability to pay, but wants lower taxes on higher incomes. It wants a balanced budget, but it proposes reduction in the higher individual surtax rates, repeal of the capital-stock and excess-profits taxes, and abolition of the normal tax on dividends. It is true that these tax proposals are coupled with elimination of tax exemption on future issues of government bonds, but this reform would have its compensation in a higher interest rate. Mr. Weir should not find it difficult to raise money for the campaign on the basis of this program. Contributions might well represent a self-liquidating investment.

There are more half-truths, juggled figures, and stacked cards in this report than we can attempt to set straight in this editorial. There are proposals of the purest Throttlebottom variety, such as the suggestion that corporations make annual reports to their workers as well as their stockholders. There are passages of unconscious humor Max Beerbohm could hardly surpass. The 200 experts, after two years of work, have reached some profound conclusions. "Expenditures," they decide solemnly in one passage, "are at the heart of most fiscal problems." This is, indeed, a discovery. There are analyses which one would ponder respectfully if they came from Norman Thomas but which are pure non-sequiturs in the context of Republicanism. Of such are the discovery that the farm problem would be solved of itself if every American family enjoyed a decent diet and the discovery that there would be a boom in building and in household accessories if every American family had a decent home. But how are we to enable every American family to afford a decent diet and a decent home? On this new version of the full dinner pail and two cars in every garage the experts are silent. And in that silence, now as in 1932 and 1936, lies the New Deal's opportunity.

CONTENTS

THE SHAPE OF THINGS 321

EDITORIALS:

THE "PLOT" AGAINST HOOVER 323

SAFE FOR FASCISM 324

INDIA IN REVOLT 324

FRANK BUT NOT CANDID 325

PUERTO RICO: TOURIST'S-EYE VIEW by Freda Kirchwey 327

THE MARXISTS REPLY TO COREY by Norman Thomas, Earl Browder, Bertram D. Wolfe, Algernon Lee, Max Schachtman 328

DOES MEXICO FACE REBELLION? by Harry Block 332

DE VALERA'S DILEMMA by Florence M. Baker 335

IN THE WIND 337

ISSUES AND MEN by Oswald Garrison Villard 338

BOOKS AND THE ARTS:

THE WILD GOOSE by Morton Dauwen Zabel 339

DISSENTING OPINION by I. F. Stone 340

AMERICAN PAINTING AS AMERICAN by Constance Rourke 342

THE IMPERFECT YANKEE by Lovell Thompson 342

MURDER STORIES WILL OUT by Louis B. Salomon 344

ABOUT VITAMINS by Hugh H. Darby 344

MUSIC by B. H. Haggin 345

FILMS by Franz Hoellering 346

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Puerto Rico: Tourist's-Eye View

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

San Juan, P. R., February 23

IT'S a strange and not entirely pleasant sensation to be in a place which is palpably foreign and at the same time aggressively a part of the United States. I want to put down this feeling before it evaporates in the warmth of closer acquaintance. It is a feeling that more accustomed senses could not register; only a newcomer would notice those small anomalies that betray an inner, perhaps essential and unchangeable, disharmony. After a while other things come to seem more important: political conflicts, economic distress, open clashes of cultural values. Perhaps they are more important, certainly they are more clamorous, but they belong to another scale and they are likely to hide rather than explain differences that lie closer to the bone. The senses, on the other hand, while quick, superficial reporters, often reveal matters that mean much in the life of a people. They tell the newcomer one important fact, at least; they tell whether the society he looks at and feels has a sound, firm texture—however worn, however blurred the pattern.

To this newcomer the texture of Puerto Rico seems badly made, a patchwork affair. And the patches that pain the eye were slapped on by the United States. I'm not forgetting about the "progress" of the last forty years or about reconstruction and relief in the past five; but those matters belong on the other scale and I don't know much about them yet. So far I am aware only of small items that catch the eye and afflict the ear or the palate. Most of my fellow-tourists don't agree, and so I may be wrong. They like finding someone who speaks bad English in every store and on almost every street corner; you can get around without using your own much worse Spanish. They like using American money and stamps in a foreign port—for it is profoundly foreign—and paying no duty on the stuff they bring home. But those benefits are offset for me by the aggressive American continental pattern laid over, sometimes obliterating, sometimes just distorting, the pattern of Spanish living, adapted gradually through four hundred years to warmth and mixed blood and a colonial economy.

Here on our hotel terrace, sitting in the sun, with a lizard beside us on the wall, we eat canned tomato juice and butter and meat and vegetables imported from the States and cooked badly with American seasoning by a Puerto Rican cook. One can, it is fair to say, get some native fruit, papayas any time and pineapples in season. But the backbone of the menu is mediocre, imported American food. Since this is not to be endured three times a day, we go often to a restaurant in the center of town, recommended by a Puerto Rican friend. It is good, and one can eat the food of the island, along with some dishes that are more Spanish than native: cuttlefish cooked in its own ink (*calamares en su tinta*) is delicate though it looks forbidding; *asopao de pollo al Jerez* offers a rich blend of spices and sherry; *paella Valenciana* combines a variety of shellfish with rice in a well-seasoned sauce.

But even in this good place corruption is evident. The oysters, here as elsewhere, are sent over from the States. Puerto Rican oysters are too small, and perhaps, as the waiter tells us, the harbors are too dirty. But in Cuba oysters of the same sort, slim and small as mussels, are served heaped high on the plate and eaten with relish by tourist and Cuban alike. The music of Puerto Rico is its own, much like that of Cuba in rhythm, but distinct in tone and mood and tempo. And, I am glad to admit, it is played. Our excellent hotel orchestra plays three *boleros* and *bolero-sons* for every "fox." But here in the Puerto Rican restaurant four young American naval officers struggle hopelessly with a willing, smiling Puerto Rican accordion player. The accordion is not a native instrument though he squeezes from it authentic-sounding native songs. But the American boys need more sustaining nourishment. They want "Home on the Range." They want it badly; they sing the air off key with earnest insistence. The accordion player tries to oblige; he is amiable and he needs the dollar that may be waiting, but "Home on the Range" simply won't come. Finally they all compromise, with fair grace, on "Ai, Ai, Ai," a bond beween the races. But soon, next week perhaps, the accordion player will know "Home on the Range."

The Fortaleza—for three hundred years the palace of governors from Spain and the United States and one of the most beautiful public buildings to be found in the Americas—is wrapped in scaffolding. It is being completely renovated and repaired and is, I am told on the highest authority, to be restored exactly: tiles, frescoes, every detail. But Puerto Rico doesn't believe it. People think it will be "Americanized"; what horrors of plastic and chromium they expect I can only imagine. It is characteristic of the underlying disharmony of the place that they have no trust in first-rate architects and engineers sent by "Washington." The Fortaleza belongs to Puerto Rico, and the Americans are tearing it to pieces.

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Puerto Ricans are apprehensive and say so freely. And they tell you in the same breath that General Daley, commander of the American forces in Puerto Rico, has closed the Casa Blanca to the public. Now the Casa Blanca is as important a national—Puerto Rican—monument as the Fortaleza. It was the home of the family of Ponce de León, and it has stood through peace and war and sun and hurricane for 417 years. It is now the home of General Daley, who has chosen to close its doors and treat it as if it were a private house. But Puerto Ricans say the Casa Blanca also belongs to Puerto Rico; naturally it is General Daley's official residence, but how could it hurt him to open it to the public on certain days for certain hours? Especially since the General is a bachelor. Behind this quite logical attitude one senses a complex emotion compounded of national pride and possessiveness along with a less conscious resentment that the particular dog in this manger should be the general commanding the American troops, now multiplying so fast and so visibly in the streets of the city.

Do you notice that I use the word "American" in speaking of people or things or influences from the United States? If I were writing from any other Latin American country, I would not do that. I would say "North American" or "United States" (though the latter is an atrocious adjective), because obviously the people of all the countries are equally "American" and the tendency of the United States to apply the term to itself alone is properly resented throughout the rest of the hemisphere.

Except in Puerto Rico. Strange irony, in Puerto Rico, which is part of the United States, the people, who are citizens of the United States, always call themselves "Puerto Ricans" and always call people from the United States "Americans." It is as if, in their anxious national pride and their determination to make the difference felt, they were deliberately forfeiting their claim to the larger title. Since they cannot share it as equals or independents, they will not share it at all. The people from the mainland can be Americans; Puerto Ricans will be Puerto Ricans.

The Marxists Reply to Corey

[*Because of the wide interest and controversy aroused by Lewis Corey's series of articles—Marxism Reconsidered—in the last three numbers of* The Nation, *we asked leaders of five Marxist parties to set forth their "first reactions" to Mr. Corey's argument. Their answers are published herewith. We hope in the near future to publish other and more detailed analyses of the issues raised by Mr. Corey.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

NORMAN THOMAS

Socialist Party

THE era now drawing to its end has been dominated by the interaction of two great loyalties, or concepts, and the institutions based upon them: in the political world, nationalism; in the economic world, private capitalism. The failure of the social order founded upon these concepts is tragically evident. Socialism, which was the most vigorous and scientific critic of that order, is itself today universally on the defensive because of its failure to achieve its own ends, either under the forms of social democracy in Germany or of communism in Russia.

From that double failure we have at least learned this: that the drift toward, or the achievement of, a high degree of collectivism not only is not of itself equivalent to socialism but does not bring socialism inevitably nearer. It is a sign of life and vigor that within Socialist ranks there is such a searching reexamination of the external situation and of Socialist dogmas in relation to it as Lewis Corey has given us in recent issues of *The Nation*.

With what Mr. Corey has said I am largely in agreement. I have not space in the limits assigned me to clarify my position adequately. Three points I must make, briefly and dogmatically.

1. It is true that "socialism must express and realize the interest of all useful functional groups within society." That fact must lead Socialists to a reappraisal of their definitions of both the "working class" and the "middle class," and they must take respectful account of important elements of society which regard themselves as middle class. But not at the cost of losing their concern for the dispossessed, which *Fortune* recently estimated at 23 per cent of our American population, and their hope in the wage-earning proletariat. Moreover, it is highly important for the achievement of a better society that farmers, engineers, and other useful sections of the American middle class should learn to think of themselves as workers in the best sense of the word, and to realize that labor of hand and brain should bring economic rewards. This is an idea not popular with a middle class which, however blurred the boundaries, is more class conscious than the proletariat.

2. The "final conflict," as Socialists used to envision it, was to be between a vigorous and ruthless class of private owners, symbolized and led by what we call "Wall Street," and a Socialist collectivism for which the workers consistently would struggle. Actually, as

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Mr. Corey points out in his third article, "capitalism is already being transformed." The whole world drift is toward collectivism. The real final conflict will be between a fascist collectivism, or more accurately the collectivism of the totalitarian state, and a democratic socialism. Recognition of this fact in time would give new hope, at any rate in America, for the success of non-violent methods of struggle.

Mr. Corey gives a good general picture of his "people's functional socialism" and the steps toward it, but it is imperatively necessary for him, as for all Socialists who agree with the point of view which he has expressed, to fill in the important details of their program more explicitly. I await his fuller treatment eagerly.

3. If the older socialism was mistaken in believing that it was the historical destiny of the "working class" almost automatically to achieve socialism, so will the modern advocates of the glories of "democracy," or even of a "people's functional socialism," be mistaken if they think that there is anything in the untutored and instinctive processes of the democracy we now have by which we shall achieve plenty, peace, and freedom. It is the failure of that democracy which gives rise to fascism. The achievement of our great ends requires socialism, and it requires a creative socialism, a socialism conscious of its goal and of its program, a socialism which must rest on its own organizational power. To be sure, such socialism must work in and through mass movements and mass organizations of various sorts, but emphatically it needs its own political expression. What the New Deal has done, especially if it involves America in war, can be a preparation for fascism just as truly as for the achievement of democratic socialism. Indeed, fascism, military or otherwise, in some form and under some name will win the day in America unless within the next few years a democratic Socialist movement can be built.

EARL BROWDER
Communist Party

Your invitation to write a "critical first reaction" to Lewis Corey's articles, Marxism Reconsidered, has caused me to read them. Here is my critical first reaction.

The underlying thought, it seems to me, could be most clearly set forth in a syllogism of formal logic:

Major premise: Mr. Corey was the most penetrating exponent of Marxist thought after Marx himself.

Minor premise: Mr. Corey failed.

Conclusion: Marxism is a failure.

Granted the first premise, the conclusion is irrefutable. But it is the first premise that must be rejected. Mr. Corey, in all his independent writings, has always struggled against Marxism, not expounded it (see the pamphlet "Leninism—the Only Marxism Today," by Bittelman and Jerome, 1934). What he has now reconsidered is not the validity of Marxism but rather the method of struggle against it; where formerly he conducted his fight under the guise of an adherent, he now comes out openly as an opponent. That much, at least is clear gain. May the Lord protect us from our friends; our enemies we have learned how to deal with.

As I plodded through Mr. Corey's "arguments," my subconscious mind was busy rummaging in the dim past, and as I laid the papers aside there was thrust into my consciousness a famous phrase from the age of the good Queen Victoria: "the blessed word, Mesopotamia." Yes, Mr. Corey has his blessed word, which he substitutes impartially for all the missing elements of the rational process, and which casts over all a thick aura of righteousness (or should one say self-righteousness?). It is the magic word "totalitarianism."

With this blessed word Mr. Corey conjures up the whole of his newly acquired ideology, without the inconvenience of having to set it forth in specific terms; with this word he *assumes* as established, without further examination, the propositions which his articles purport to prove to the reader. This little sleight-of-hand performance will not, of course, disturb those whose minds operate from the same assumption. We may fairly expect Mr. Corey to be quite a lion, for the next few weeks, in those circles where the blessed word solves all problems and answers all questions. With equal assurance we may expect that in critical and thinking circles, whether Marxian or otherwise, Mr. Corey's "reconsideration" will gain him but the recognition that here is a man who should go far under a Rooseveltian third term.

As honest and forthright men are more and more driven from public life by the hunger-and-war program of the "national unity" camp forming around Roosevelt, they will be replaced by the most glib devotees of the blessed word "totalitarianism." This word is the battle cry of the American bourgeoisie embarked upon a holy crusade to save Europe from socialism, from proletarian revolution, and to assure itself the lion's share of profit from a salvaged European capitalism.

Mr. Corey should hear the knock of opportunity upon his door with increasing insistence, once these articles come to the attention of the right people.

BERTRAM D. WOLFE
Independent Labor League (Lovestonites)

Western socialism, based on traditions of bourgeois democracy and democratic unionism, has for some time been trying to shake off the incubus of blind acceptance —and blind rejection—of the Russian Revolution, a revolution occurring where both bourgeois and proletarian democracy were lacking. The Corey articles now broaden the scope of the discussion and thereby perform a significant service, for out of such discussion alone can

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come the necessary clarification, reunification, and new advance toward socialism.

Corey makes it clear that socialism's errors and defeats do not give capitalism new vigor. Decay continues: from free trade to monopoly; toward longer and deeper crises; from productive abundance to legislated scarcity; toward autarchy and recurrent war. Capitalism is in transition toward "some sort of collectivism"—the real choice being between monopolistic, oligarchical, authoritarian forms and democratic socialism. What we have learned is that nationalization of industry does not automatically lead to increased democracy or to "withering of the state," but rather increases the dangers of totalitarianism and the need of a conscious drive to achieve freedom. This emphasis on the inseparability of democracy and socialism is the major service of Corey's articles.

With Corey's analyses I have several disagreements:

1. I think he underestimates the trade union as the most important single institution for the development of economic democracy.

2. Corey rightly emphasizes the need for a socialism expressing the interests of all functionally useful groups. But if socialism is not, in the first instance, the expression of a democratic mass movement of which labor is the most important constituent, then it is nothing at all. Is not the working class the most numerous and significant single class in modern society? Who else is to form the core and driving force? With whom shall Corey's "new middle class" combine, when it is won away from adherence to monopoly capitalism and the status quo? The greater danger is not, as Corey seems to imply, that of dictatorship by the mass of producers over technicians and administrators, but—as happened in Russia—the dictatorship of indispensable technician-administrators over the mass of producer-consumers. If the "new middle class," as some technocrats and other followers of *Common Sense* imply, is to become the core of the movement toward a new order, then bureaucracy and totalitarianism are hardly avoidable.

3. Corey rightly rejects the schematic caricature concept of class often advanced, and would use it rather as "a tool with which to identify and delimit those class interests that must be destroyed in order to realize progressive class interests." But this is quite different from the sweeping title The Class-War Fallacy, which I fancy is a cuckoo egg laid in his nest by some *Nation* editor.

At the extremes of the social spectrum there is more class consciousness, actual and potential, than the articles seem to reckon with. At the right, a handful has sufficient power to sway governments, manipulate opinion, subsidize fascist movements. The inclusion in the "popular front" of parties controlled by such monopolists of economic power is the real reason for the sterility of such fronts, which Corey notes but does not analyze.

4. He rightly rejects that caricature revolutionism which worships violence and upheaval for their own sake; he warns of the destructiveness and "totalitarian potential" involved. Rightly, too, he emphasizes continuity where many have one-sidedly emphasized break; but he seems to fall into an opposite one-sidedness.

In order to move toward, not away from, a new social order we require a sharp break: (a) in the *direction* of development; (b) in the *central purpose* of production —from private profit to social use; (c) in the *control* of the mainsprings of economic and political power. Otherwise, as the "older gradualism was distorted by the upswing of capitalism," Corey will find that his new "gradualism"—an equivocal word—will be distorted by the prevailing downswing into becoming, not a new order, but gradual decay and collapse of the very foundations on which such order might be constructed.

5. Undoubtedly violence is a matrix of totalitarianism, yet history still fails to show examples of transitions to a new order without some violent attempt of the privileged to hold on to power. Against such force a democratic majority might conceivably have to use force, in addition to persuasion and affirmation of its will. The latest examples are Austria and Spain. This dilemma must be faced, not evaded.

6. To what extent is modern industry compatible with Marx's belated rejection of centralization (after the Paris Commune) and advocacy of the non-bureaucratic, decentralized, libertarian commune-state? And with Lenin's hope that "every cook" would become a polytechnic multi-expert on every phase of economic, cultural, and social life?

Incidentally, that approach derives, via France, from Jefferson, who proposed an arrangement where "every man is a sharer in the direction of his ward-republic . . . not merely at election one day in the year but every day . . . there shall not be a man in the state who will not be a member of some one of its councils . . . and every citizen can act in person . . . in all things relating to him . . . and in the offices nearest and most interesting to him." Is Jefferson really as out-of-date as the "horse and buggy" spurners glibly imply?

The major lack in the articles I find to be omission of the overshadowing problem of peace and war. It is inextricably tied up with the problems treated. There can be no healthy socialist regrouping if this is evaded or ignored. Modern war involves maximal totalitarianism. The struggle for socialism and freedom is first of all a struggle to prevent war, limit and shorten it where it occurs, transform the institutional and economic arrangements from which it springs.

Finally, these comments are inadequate both as to praise and difference because of limitations of space; and they are personal rather than "official," since the Independent Labor League possesses no "pontifical" views on these questions; nor does it believe that matters essen-

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tially experimental and scientific can possibly be "settled" by a vote of a committee, an "authoritative" citation, or adoption of twenty-one points or ninety-five theses.

ALGERNON LEE
Social-Democratic Federation

"History," says Lewis Corey, "has played one of her stupefying tricks; for it is now clear that democracy is on the defensive as much against the totalitarianism of Russian communism as against that of fascism."

Poor Mr. Corey! His position is surely not an enviable one. But we could better sympathize with him if he took it like a man instead of blaming History. The fault, poor Corey, is not History's, but yours, if you are stupefied. History may be a Theban Sphinx, who slays those who misread her riddles, but a shabby trickstress she is not.

Mr. Corey had served the Bolshevist Moloch for years, and striven to justify his ways before men; had seen him murder the young republic and slaughter its defenders and make Russia a house of horrors; had heard him revile democracy, ridicule men who valued truth above expediency, and explicitly command his acolytes to lie for his greater glory. Five years ago he had seen his Moloch put on a false-face clumsily simulating the features of democracy—but meanwhile explaining to puzzled worshipers in a whisper that all this was only a maneuver. Last August he saw the mask cast aside, saw Bolshevism and Nazism clasping hands—and was Mr. Corey stupefied! Or was he really?

Anyway, he has now more or less emerged from his stupor. Six months, in such a case, is perhaps no more than a fair equivalent for the ten seconds allowed in pugilistic practice. Barely in time, Mr. Corey has come to—somewhat groggy but still in the ring. He really is not clear as to who it was that hit him—maybe it was History, maybe not—and after three-quarters of a column he decides to "square accounts with Marx." Brave man, after all—or perhaps I'd better say rash man! Marx has taken a lot of pounding since he started to fight, but his assailants' knuckles have suffered most.

Am I being too flippant? Not a whit. Mr. Corey seems to have developed what the psychiatrists call a delusion of grandeur. With a magnificent flourish he makes an "admission of failure" on behalf of everybody in sight—save only himself. Communism has failed, Social Democracy has failed, "all variants of Marxism" have failed, non-Marxian radicalism has failed, democracy has failed, and so on. The field is clear—now just watch.

To follow Mr. Corey through some 9,000 words of pontifical irresponsibility and undertake to analyze and answer his argument systematically within my allotted space of 700 words would be folly. The subjects on which he expatiates are important. They must be adequately discussed. But Mr. Corey does not lay the basis.

MAX SHACHTMAN
Socialist Workers Party (Trotskyists)

The title of Mr. Corey's articles is misleading. What he is really reconsidering is post-war Social Democratic reformism, and with a few unimportant verbal improvements he finds it quite acceptable. The fact that he attaches to it the not entirely novel label of "people's socialism" or "functional democratic socialism" testifies only to his squeamishness about fathering what is so thoroughly bankrupt and discredited.

What Corey leaves of revolutionary Marxism after his "reconsideration" is scarcely visible to the naked eye. The Marxian theory of the state is dropped down the chute because, you see, the modern democratic state also performs some useful functions. Presumably its principal function of maintaining the social rule of the propertied class by armed force is secondary to its meritorious work of providing farmers with weather reports and regulating traffic. The Marxian theory of the class struggle and the decisive progressive role of the proletariat goes down the same chute, to be replaced by "the interests of all useful functional groups." The Marxian theory of the seizure of power for the socialist reorganization of society meets the same fate, and is replaced by the ludicrous and outworn theory of a parliamentarian democracy that will absorb as much social justice as this sinful world makes possible, but absorb it by a process of osmosis, so "gradually" that the crisis-maddened capitalist class will not notice it. What is left of Marxism? A few liberalist phrases.

Corey's criticism of Social Democratic reformism leaves it essentially intact. The central point in the criticism—the stress which the German Social Democracy laid on the proletariat to the exclusion of the middle class—is simply groundless. To an ever-increasing degree, from the days of Eduard Bernstein at the turn of the century, the German Social Democracy put emphasis on the middle class; all its policies proceeded from fear of "alienating" the middle class. It ended by being completely dominated by middle-class elements. Corey is arguing against a Social Democracy that did not exist only to recommend one that did and still does exist.

This becomes quite clear in the programmatic conclusions at the end of his series. His discomfort in shifting from Marxism to reformism sticks out in every apologetic line. Gradualism? "Yes and no." But far more "yes" than "no." The only serious difference between Corey and the German Social Democrats is that he promises to put "teeth" into his gradualism. The promise need not be taken too seriously, however. Otto Bauer used to talk the same way just before he gave way to Dollfuss. Léon Blum swore that he would not be a Kerensky, only to surrender to the economic and political democracy that now flourishes so sturdily under Daladier.

In reality, Mr. Corey's teeth, and those of most middle-class radicals, are chattering with fright in the grow-

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ing totalitarian darkness. Despite the strong talk, there is nothing aggressive in their program. The long but essentially temporary series of defeats and setbacks suffered by labor has caused them to abandon the bold socialist program with which they had some measure of sympathy in the early post-war years. Every paragraph of Corey's is defensive. He stresses not so much what he proposes to accomplish as what he proposes to prevent. In genetics, such an approach to the problem would result in ridding us eventually of all cretins to be sure, but also in drying up the human race. In politics, it would be little less disastrous. One must be purblind not to see that the policy of defending the status quo, of preserving a rotted capitalist order by "democratic" means, as the mild and impotent left wing of this order has tried to do for the last quarter of a century, leads neither to socialism nor even to the maintenance of bourgeois democracy.

Stalinist totalitarianism is not, of course, the only alternative to the inexorable trend toward fascism inherent in disintegrating capitalist democracy. In identifying Stalinism with revolutionary Marxism Corey shows that he does not understand either one of them. Revolutionary Marxism came closer to solving the problem of the middle class, both theoretically and in practice, than any other movement. The Bolsheviks, a proletarian party, led a hundred million peasants—Russia's middle class—to victory; but in that *alliance* (not fusion) of the two classes the workers *led* the middle class. The victory of Stalinism, significantly enough, was obtained by abandoning the world-revolutionary outlook and submitting to the same middle class at the expense of the workers. At bottom Stalinism and fascism are not identical but "symmetrical phenomena," as Trotsky puts it, products of a revolutionary decline and a failure of the working class and its party to fight militantly for a program of hope, a program of radical socialist reorganization that would enlist the support of the rural and urban middle classes as it did in 1917.

Corey's familiar attempt at a program midway between capitalism and socialist revolution would only facilitate the progress of the demagogic fascist "radicals," as it did in Central Europe. The "accent on democracy" means here essentially what it meant there: preservation of that status quo, touched up a bit here and there, with which *all* classes are increasingly discontented. In 1940, however, it means even more: it is the slogan of the chauvinists seeking to whip the people into another blood bath, this time against "Hitler-Stalin totalitarianism." Corey's amazing success in eliminating all references to the Second World War, and to the role of the "democracies" and the "democrats" in it, is perhaps accidental. It is to be hoped that in his further reconsiderations he does not follow his first big step to Social Democratic reformism with the much shorter step required to land in the "democratic" war camp, which is already proceeding, in its own way, to reconstruct the world.

Does Mexico Face Rebellion?

BY HARRY BLOCK

Mexico City, February 20

ALL presidential elections in Mexico are overshadowed by the question: Will the transfer of power be effected by peaceful means, or will the candidate counted out try to seize by force of arms what he was unable to win at the polls? As July 7, date of the elections to choose Cárdenas's successor, approaches, Mexico begins to hold its breath in anxiety about what the immediate future may bring.

The difference between the coming contest and the numerous putsches since 1920 is that the previous unheavals, although of varying severity, were hardly more than quarrels over the spoils between members of the ruling clique; only incidentally if at all were genuine social antagonisms involved. The Cárdenas regime now drawing to a close is unique in that it has really challenged many of the basic premises by which Mexico formerly lived and worked, and has adventurously struck out to create a new organization of the nation's economy. In so doing, it has stepped on many toes, native as well as foreign; as a matter of fact, it was only comparatively late in the process that foreign interests were affected. The plight of Mexico's own landlords and capitalists has been less publicized abroad, but many are infuriated by measures which have divided their estates and reduced their swollen profits.

Mexico's middle class is thus thoroughly aroused. Having wrought a considerable amount of economic damage in its bitter struggle against Cárdenas during the past five years, it is now shedding tears over the resultant havoc and is seeking to make political capital out of it by blaming the broken crockery on the President's "communist" regime. This is the chief argument of the Almazán campaign. The candidate himself is one of the most discredited of Mexico's nest-feathering generals and is taken seriously by only a small fraction even of his most ardent supporters. The truth is that the reaction is sublimely indifferent to the name of its stand-

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ard-bearer; what it wants is someone willing to stick out his neck and carry the brunt of the offensive—which it hopes will this time be decisive—against the whole nexus of social trends known as the Mexican Revolution.

For a brief time two years ago it thought it had found its fighting cock in General Cedillo, but that illusion was dissipated when Cárdenas adroitly forced Cedillo out into the open, where he either had to put up or shut up. When he elected to fight, the very groups which had most noisily inflamed his ambitions, realizing the hopelessness of his cause, quickly deserted him and retired to await more propitious times. Almazán, for all his shady record, is a far better bet. He is able and intelligent, and if his campaign tour has not been attended by any notable demonstrations of enthusiasm on the part of the lower strata of the population, there has been a sufficient turnout of landowners, small ranchers, and professional and business men to make an impressive showing in the press reports.

On New Year's Day, according to an apparently well-founded rumor now current here, Almazán and his principal advisers met secretly in a house on Mexico City's fashionable Paseo de la Reforma to map out the concluding phases of their campaign. The plan adopted, if these reports are true, was to induce a state of mind in the public receptive to armed uprising. Waves of sporadic terrorism have since been invading small cities and villages throughout the country; the atrocities, some real and some imaginary, have all been calculated to fan existing prejudices and hatreds to greater fury and to create sympathy for Almazán as a fearless democrat persecuted by a cruel dictatorship. The same technique was used during the months preceding the Franco uprising in Spain. Here, too, churches have been burned by unknown hands so that the newspapers on the following day could attribute the outrages to phantom Communist bands. The Yaqui Indians, whose ancestral lands were recently restored to them, have been unaccountably reported in revolt. Strikes are deliberately provoked to whip up public alarm, and if responsible trade unions cannot be trapped into strike action, fake strikes are staged by the small groups still controlled by Luis N. Morones, the deposed labor czar, who has characteristically turned up among the Almazán stalwarts.

Editorial and oratorical attack has chiefly converged, however, on the act recently passed by Congress to enforce the provisions of Article 3 of the constitution, establishing socialism as the basic philosophy of official education. Here is an issue which reaction believes will be capable of reviving the religious struggles of the 1926-28 period and of stirring the former *cristeros* to renewed armed resistance to the government in the name of Christ the King. This, too, is largely a shadow battle. Article 3 was already in force before the "regulations" were passed, and there is nothing to show that Catholics have been prevented from bringing up their children as believers, nor are they hindered from so doing under the new law. Actually, the government's "socialist education," as even its bitterest opponents will admit off the record, is nine parts verbal fireworks and only one part serious endeavor to impart the principles of socialism to the new generations. Nor is Mexico at present in possession of the army of trained teachers, the educational equipment, or the vast funds necessary to launch an integrated program of effective socialist instruction on a national scale. The program itself has not even been elaborated, much less put into effect, and the whole problem is one that will not arise in actual practice for years to come. This does not, however, prevent its being excellent political ammunition, and the reaction is making the most of it.

The deceptive surface harmony within the P. R. M. (Party of the Mexican Revolution) and the forces of its presidential candidate, General Manuel Avila Camacho, has been abruptly disturbed by Emilio Portes Gil, who (1929-30) was one of the series of dummy presidents through whom ex-Dictator Calles ruled the country until Cárdenas dissolved his political monopoly in 1935. An agile politician, Portes Gil helped Cárdenas to throw off the Calles tutelage, but in 1936 he was himself forced to resign the presidency of the National Revolutionary Party under combined pressure from the Congressional left wing and the labor movement. He has since devoted himself to backstage intrigue, and apparently he joined Avila Camacho early in the latter's campaign in the expectation of repairing his political fortunes.

In a speech made several weeks ago Vicente Lombardo Toledano, general secretary of the C. T. M. (Confederation of Mexican Workers), referred to Portes Gil as a puppet of Calles during the 1929-34 period of revolutionary decline. The statement has been made scores of times in Mexico and is certainly no news to anyone. But Portes Gill, at present in New York, chose suddenly to take offense at the unflattering characterization and replied with a blast against Lombardo that was curiously reminiscent of the Calles philippic which provoked the break with Cárdenas in June, 1935, particularly in the phrases proclaiming that labor's present leaders are responsible for the "chaos" toward which the country is heading. The National Committee of the C. T. M.—all the important labor unions have already expressed their indorsement of the Lombardo leadership—is expected to counter with a comprehensive indictment of Portes Gil's whole political career; as a result the P. R. M. is currently in an uproar.

Such billingsgate is so common among Mexican politicians that ordinarily it would hardly cause a ripple, but there is more to this exchange of amenities than appears on the surface. Lombardo and Portes Gil are both, after all, prominent supporters of the same candidate; Lom-

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bardo heads the labor sector of the P. R. M., while Portes Gil's political strength is largely derived from the agrarian organizations, in which he has considerable influence. A row on this scale may produce serious dissensions within the party, and in the case of so astute a politician as Portes Gil, who does not often allow his feelings, no matter how outraged, to run away with his good sense, it is hard to avoid the suspicion that this was the end sought; if so, he is acting uncommonly like an agent of the reaction within the Avila Camacho forces. It is likewise said here that the incident is perhaps not unconnected with Portes Gil's present mission in New York, where he was sent, according to a cryptic official announcement some days ago, "on oil business." Could his attack on Lombardo possibly be intended to convince the oil companies that a new day is dawning in Mexico in which labor's voice will carry considerably less weight than in the recent unhappy past? In the meantime, if the fight continues, it seems calculated to drive a wedge between workers and peasants, one of the opposition's chief objectives, and to strengthen the efforts of the conservative factions of the P. R. M. to wean Avila Camacho from his present friendship with labor.

On the international front oil is still leading the offensive. There is no great mystery about the recent breakdown of negotiations between Mexico and the oil companies. Mexico had consistently maintained that it would deal only directly with the companies, without the intervention of their governments. Apparently the American companies were finally persuaded that Washington could do nothing for them unless they complied with this not unreasonable request. They therefore went through the motions of sending a representative—Donald R. Richberg—to discuss a settlement, but when it developed that their idea of compromise included a return of the properties under conditions clearly violating the Mexican constitution, only a single outcome could be anticipated. The Richberg pamphlet since distributed by the Standard Oil Company is apparently designed to convince the American public and Washington that there is no longer anything to be gained by temporizing with the Mexican bandits. "A deliberate distortion of the facts," Mexico has flatly called Mr. Richberg's presentation of the case, and there for the time being the matter rests.

More serious in its effect on Mexico's internal economy and hence on the political situation is the continuing boycott of Mexican goods. The high hopes entertained at the outbreak of the war, on the basis of which the peso moved sharply upward for the first time since March, 1938, have been rudely blasted by the failure of the United States to take up the slack in Mexican exports caused by the collapse of European markets. Increased imports naturally followed the improved exchange rate and were themselves a factor in driving the peso back to its former rate of six to the dollar, since exports were progressively dwindling. Threatened with still further depreciation of the currency, the Bank of Mexico is at last taking steps to check the fall. It has announced the retirement from circulation of some 40,000,000 pesos in paper money and is staking its gold reserves to defend the existing rate. It has likewise initiated restriction on credit for speculative purposes, and other official moves to reduce prices seem imminent. At the same time the government has stated that oil and mineral exports are again mounting and that this year's excellent crops from the cooperative *ejidos* will eliminate the need for costly imports of foodstuffs. By next June, it is confidently promised, the peso will have risen to five to one, its rate before the price of silver was forced down last June. But even should this optimistic forecast be fulfilled, the improvement worked by the deflationary measures is hardly likely to come soon enough or to be widely enough felt to cut very much ground from under Almazán's feet.

What, actually, are the chances of armed struggle next summer? The answer to this question depends on a number of factors. First of all, who will join the rebellion? The workers, who have made tremendous trade-union advances under Cárdenas, and the peasants, who have been given land—and credit and machinery with which to work it—are surely not going to revolt against their benefactor. Nor does the middle class, although largely sympathetic to Almazán, seem imbued with the spirit of street fighting and barricades. The conspirators are thus placing their reliance on disaffected elements in the army —chiefly among the officer class, which is said to resent what it considers the coddling of the workers; on certain backward and fanatically religious rural sections, including even some recipients of government land grants whose purely local grievances are being cleverly exploited; on a few labor organizations run by racketeer henchmen of Morones; on the more militant members of the numerous but small fascist groups; and, above all, on the hope of foreign aid.

The alliance that has been formed at last, after many false starts, between Almazán and the Calles faction of Generals Amaro and Pérez Treviño is an indication that the latter group is prepared to sacrifice its own ambitions and to throw in its lot with Almazán as the best way to secure a circuitous return to power. (Close associates of Amaro were arrested last week after police investigation revealed that they were in possession of subversive propaganda and detailed plans for military action. The government contemptuously turned them loose as a demonstration of strength.) Nevertheless, in spite of this fresh addition to his ranks, Almazán cannot be so bemused by his own speeches as not to realize the numerical weakness of his forces. Informed opinion here ridicules the notion that he will be rash enough to be trapped

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as was Cedillo or that he will voluntarily embark on a possibly fatal adventure. But political commitments are no respecters of personal inclinations: it is difficult to say at this moment how deeply enmeshed Almazán has become with his more determined backers and whether he is not by this time their prisoner. Should it come to fighting, he may find it more dangerous to attempt to run out on his "army" than to take his chances on amnesty or safety in exile in the event of defeat.

On only one condition can this hypothetical revolt be conceded a probability of success, and that is, of course, active support or an attitude of benevolent "neutrality" on the part of the United States. The unfortunate precedent of the Spanish embargo might conceivably be repeated, with the Central American countries providing a convenient base of supplies for the rebels. It seems clear that the present "war of nerves" will not be followed by large-scale civil war unless there is assurance of concrete aid from abroad. My own guess is that the odds for a peaceful election are at least seventy to thirty and perhaps better. But I could easily be wrong. One thing, however, is certain. If the United States commits the colossal blunder of supporting a fascist bid for power in Mexico, it will at one blow destroy the growing confidence and good-will so laboriously nurtured in the Western Hemisphere by the Good Neighbor policy.

De Valera's Dilemma

BY FLORENCE M. BAKER

THE Irish Republican Army is making trouble not only for the government of Great Britain but also for the government of Eire, that state which under the adroit manipulations of Eamon de Valera has become a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations, free except for some defense obligations, and whole except for six out of its thirty-two counties. It is against these limitations that the I. R. A. is protesting, protesting chiefly on English soil and in the British portion of Ulster. But no matter where the bombs are bursting there is no one who hears their thunder with more dismay than Mr. de Valera. As Prime Minister of Eire he had hoped for many years of peaceful relations with the British government; it was for that reason that after sh-sh-ing the rebels as long as he could, he recently secured the passage of an amendment to the Emergency Powers Act which permits him to intern without trial citizens suspected of treason.

In taking this step, however, he has not enjoyed the unanimous support of his countrymen. Cries of "pro-British" are coming from the hills and glens of Eire and from Irishmen across the Atlantic, many of them former members of the now outlawed army. Such an accusation is an empty one; Mr. de Valera is not, and never was, pro-British. He himself once belonged to the I. R. A. and to that even doughtier company that preceded it, the Irish Volunteers, who set the mills of republicanism grinding in 1916. He made no whimper when he was condemned to death in an English prison; and when, in 1921, a treaty was made with Great Britain establishing the Irish Free State, he was the first to spurn it. Even after he had become leader of the Free State in 1932 he still professed his old friendship with the Republican Army, and would salute it from the reviewing stand.

But there were men in its ranks who even then suspected that Eamon de Valera had no intention of establishing a republic in Ireland, for they knew that religion meant more to him than patriotism and that the day would come when the Catholic church would tell him that he had gone far enough. To the rest of his countrymen he seemed to be taking all the steps necessary to a complete separation from Great Britain. He repudiated the oath of allegiance to the British government; he shooed the Governor General out of his handsome Viceregal Lodge in Dublin; he suspended the payment of land-purchase annuities; and he forced British ships to pull up their anchors from Irish harbors and be on their way. Nevertheless, when Mrs. Tom Clarke, now Lord Mayor of Dublin, an ardent old-time supporter of Mr. de Valera, stood up in the Dail in 1937 and declared that there were indications that "the government is no longer aiming at a republic," she voiced the opinion of thousands, especially the young men and women, that the slogan "Irish Republic" which had secured their cooperation was little more than a bunch of carrots at the end of a pole.

It was then that the I. R. A. took matters in its own hands and proposed to seize for the Prime Minister the republic he asserted he desired. He repulsed them then, and he repulsed them two years later when British soldiers were moving into France and they reminded him that "Ireland's opportunity" had come once again. Few Irishmen will accept his excuse that tariff barriers would be thrown up if a step were too hastily taken, for he plunged unhesitatingly into the economic ruin which faced the country when payment of the land-purchase annuities was suspended and the British Parliament empowered the Treasury to impose tariffs up to

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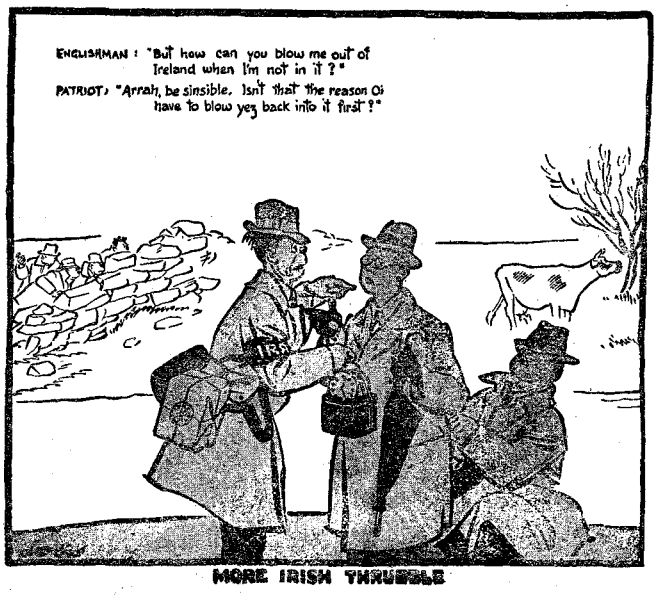
100 per cent on imports from the Irish Free State.

It is a different kind of economic crisis that makes Mr. de Valera hesitate before this last step, which would mean lifting the bridge that is flung across the Irish Sea. Over this bridge pass in never-ending file the young men and women looking for work in England or the far-flung lands of the British Empire. They send money home from their earnings, but he does not fear the loss of that any more than he would fear a tariff. He refuses to lift that bridge because across it walk not only the


ENGLISHMAN: "But how can you blow me out of Ireland when I'm not in it?"
PATRIOT: "Arrah, be sinsible. Isn't that the reason Oi have to blow yez back into it first?"
MORE IRISH TROUBLE

peasant and workingman but thousands of the middle class, graduates of colleges and universities, persons who, if they stayed at home, might interfere with the smooth working of his own hand-made constitution, which "recognizes the special position of the Catholic Apostolic Church as the guardian of the faith professed by the great majority of the citizens." Establishment of an Irish republic would make them aliens in the British Empire, and once forced to find work at home they would quickly challenge this "special position," protesting that the church is too deeply imbedded in the economic life of the country, that church services and visits to the sick form only a tiny fraction of the activities of the priests, monks, and nuns.

Take from the hands of lay workers the vast educational system of a country, positions in both public and private schools ranging from that of principal to kindergartner; take from them the manifold jobs connected with social service, orphanages, settlement houses, hospitals, clinics, visiting charities, homes for the aged, and institutions for delinquents—and you have taken away the means of livelihood of a large section of the population. The lay teachers occasionally found in Irish schools and the few lay nurses in the hospitals are usually brothers, sisters, nieces, or nephews of a member of the clergy. Even doctors, lawyers, and business men, occupying positions in which the clergy cannot compete, are dependent on the latter for good-will, and outside the city of Dublin would be hard put to make a living should they incur the priests' disapproval.

It was not the power of Rome, as it was in France and Spain, that lifted the Irish clergy to their high place, nor do they hold it solely by the support of a superstitious peasantry. They are part of the very fabric of the country's history, and history is something that no Irishman willingly forgets. It is little more than a hundred years since Catholicism and patriotism ceased to be synonymous; before that the priest played as perilous a role as does the I. R. A. soldier of today. He was an outlaw, saying Mass on the bleak hilltops, teaching in the foggy "hedge schools," visiting the sick at night, sleeping and eating when he could. Reckless in the pursuance of his duty, he became a heroic figure, embodying in his person all the qualities which the Irish most revered. These qualities are no longer evident, but the tradition lasts and has created a country that is more clerical than religious. The tourist will not find in Eire the stately cathedrals or lovely shrines of Catholic Europe, but he will see lots of fat priests strolling through the towns and villages while a respectful population doffs its hat.

"Why," one may ask, "has not this hero-worship cooled in three generations?" The answer is that the people who could have whittled the priest down to his proper size have left for other lands. The moment Catholic emancipation was established the church came forward and took charge while a bewildered, unorganized Irish population stood by. Since that time the priests have maintained their strangle-hold on the economic life of the middle class; and emigration has seemed the obvious solution. In the meantime the shrewd peasant, instead of using his earnings to give all his children an equal chance, spends everything to make one of them a priest. This son in his turn obtains for his brothers and sisters the lay positions that the church controls. Thus an artificially created bourgeoisie moves steadily into seats left vacant by the emigrants.

Emigration in Catholic countries has always been a vital prop to clerical power. In France, a nation of stay-at-homes, the struggle between the layman and the priest came to a head more than half a century ago; in Spain, with South America offering work to the people in considerable numbers, it arrived a good deal later; in Ireland, with unlimited opportunities for the painless deportation of intellectuals, the problem has not been attacked at all. It never will be if Mr. de Valera can help it. Not that he wants the clergy to have so much more of the good things of life than the common people enjoy; it is simply the only condition under which he can maintain the Ireland of today and yesterday. A deeply religious man, he wants a land free of divorce and birth control, where boys and girls are brought up in purity and where neither they nor their fathers and

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mothers read "bad" books. In the anxious years that he has steered the ship of state he has never loosed his hold upon the censorship he established, a censorship which is two parts religion and one part English puritanism and probably the most rigid in the modern world. Yet he has never officially banished or persecuted a writer. Armed with vast powers for a seven-year period, he lives in a veritable dictator's paradise, a paradise *sans* purges, *sans* martyrs, thanks to the British Empire, which takes to its bosom the more refractory of his fellow-citizens.

It is no wonder that the I. R. A. is a thorn in his side, for he knows that if it succeeds in making a separate, independent country of Holy Ireland, it will open a Pandora's box, and he will not be able to cope with the middle-class men and women who, forced to stay at home, will lock horns with the clergy in their struggle for a living.

So Eire's Prime Minister is making it plain to Britain that he will join it in suppressing the I. R. A. At times, however, he gets an uneasy feeling that Britain may not join *him*. Changes are taking place within the empire. In Ulster young descendants of British settlers are growing up who feel remote from England and who wonder if their interests do not lie to the south rather than to the east. Nor is the picture in England as clear cut as the American sees it—millions of Britons standing shoulder to shoulder opposing separation. There are plenty of practical men who feel that in England's present crisis a free Irishman growing wheat around the corner is more to be desired than a subject Irishman throwing bombs in English sewers. Among them are merchants, executives, and business men, and more numerous still, employed and unemployed workingmen, who are sick of the Irish question. You need attend only an occasional meeting in Liverpool, Manchester, Edinburgh, or Glasgow, or read the letters which appear in such abundance in the newspapers, to realize that the sentiments of thousands could be summed up in one sentence, "Give them their blasted republic and send them back to it." Reams of statistics are quoted to show how unemployment could be reduced if the inhabitants of the Land of Heart's Desire would stay at home.

The I. R. A. leaders are fully aware of this sentiment; what they do not know is how much support they can expect from the officers and men of Eire's own army, or how many recruits they will get from Northern Ireland and the Irish dwelling in England. They realize that the hanging of two of their members will arouse sympathy, and sympathy can be translated into more volunteers from Eire and more money from the United States. Such assets are worth little in the present state of affairs, but if the European war is intensified and the I. R. A. continues to snap at the heels of the harassed British lion, it is not impossible that the dismayed Mr. de Valera may find a republic handed to him on a platter.

In the Wind

REPRESENTATIVE FRANK HOOK is planning to renew his attack on Martin Dies, and a new blast is likely to be issued soon. When the letters linking Pelley to Dies were shown to be forgeries, Hook withdrew his whole address. Now he is rewriting it, stressing the evidence of Dies's collaboration with Merwin K. Hart. Meanwhile, Pelley's magazine *Liberation* is becoming a perennial embarrassment to Dies and his committee; its latest issue boasts that Chairman Starnes promised to "protect" Pelley if he came to Washington to testify.

SOME MONTHS ago, anti-Nazis relate, Robert Ley, head of the German Labor Front, bought a house near Berchtesgaden for 100,000 marks. The night he moved in a sign was mysteriously placed on the door reading: "Where did Ley get 100,000 marks to buy this house?" Indignant, Ley posted a notice the next day offering a 1,000-mark reward for apprehension of the man who posted the sign. That night another sign mysteriously appeared on the house: "Where did Ley get 101,000 marks?"

LONDON IS flooded with stories lampooning the war-time censorship. The latest is about an officer, on leave from his regiment, who received a letter from a friend at the front. The letter concluded with this sentence: "If only the Nazis would come over here, we'd chase the whole lot to ——." The last word had been struck out by the censor with the notation: "All references to future movements of enemy troops are strictly forbidden." When the officer returned to his regiment he asked the writer what the censored word had been. It was "hell."

MRS. ELLWOOD J. TURNER, corresponding secretary of the Daughters of Colonial Wars, has appealed to Philadelphia school authorities to ban a textbook written by Harold Rugg. Mrs. Turner, according to the Associated Press, pointed out that "all the old histories taught 'my country, right or wrong.' The Rugg book teaches children to be biased instead of teaching them real Americanism."

FREDERICK T. BIRCHALL, former managing editor of the New York *Times*, who now covers Canada, is engaged in a minor war with *Times* executives. It all started when Birchall sent a dispatch describing repressive activities of the Catholic church in Quebec. The copy was slashed by one of the night editors and all references to the church deleted. Whereupon Birchall dispatched a bitter protest to managing editor Edwin L. James and publisher Arthur Hays Sulzberger, and the tumult hasn't subsided yet.

THE SPRING CATALOGUE of Columbia University lists this course: "Russian, Russian conversation (for U. S. Army officers)."

[*The prize for the best item submitted during February goes to Norton Thompson of Long Island City for the item about war pictures published two weeks ago.*]

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE apparent espousal of the Allied cause by Turkey is not so easy to explain, for it was believed at the outset of the war, even by such an able observer as H. N. Brailsford, the English authority on Russia, that Turkey would remain neutral lest it get into war with the Soviet Union. It is not certain just what Turkey is to receive from the Allies for this aid besides the Syrian province of Aleppo and a French agreement to sell to it planes, machine-guns, rifles, and the like. Remembering, however, the secret treaties of the last war, and knowing that the Allies were under the absolute necessity of coming to terms with Turkey, one cannot but wonder if there are not other considerations. Even so, the aggressive acts of the Turkish government—the expulsion of German workmen and experts, the taking over of German ships being built in Turkey, the declaration of a state of emergency, and the alleged threats to Russian oil holdings in Baku—are not easy to understand, though they are obviously a cause of rejoicing for the Allies.

This aggressiveness is bound to have an important influence upon Italy. It will be accepted in Rome that the Turks have made up their minds that the Allies are going to win and therefore have joined their standard. Whether Italy can continue to hesitate or seek to stay on the fence remains to be seen; emboldened by Turkish friendliness the Allies may be more inclined to compel Mussolini to take sides. Il Duce cannot but be rendered nervous by Turkey's apparent readiness to fight when there is no emergency and no threat to its sovereignty. As Mr. Brailsford has written, "They are linked opponents who must watch each other's steps." Finally, it must be noted that, if the Allies are seriously contemplating moving upon Rumania, Turkish aid to enable them to enter the Black Sea with warships and transports is essential. Should Rumania decide to cut Germany off from the 130,000 tons of oil a month it has agreed to supply to Hitler, that might well be the direct result of the aggressiveness of the Turkish government.

With Turkey actively lined up with the Allies it would more than ever be difficult to speak of them as "the democracies." Although it ranks as a republic and has a parliament, Turkey has actually been a complete dictatorship ever since the last war. There is only one party, the People's Party, and this has been represented in parliament by 389 members out of 399. Kemal Atatürk worked incessantly until his death to modernize and rebuild Turkey. Under him the country made amazing advances, and he was so fearful of another war with the Allies, or of one with Russia, that he was responsible for moving the capital from Constantinople to the specially developed city of Ankara, which is only a few miles beyond the furthermost point in Anatolia reached by the armies of the Allies during the last war. It is surely a remarkable about-face which makes the government now apparently lean so far toward the side of the nations against which it fought in 1914-18. That the possibility of going to war on their side is being seriously considered—even invited—is proof of the extraordinary changes—social, economic, and political—that have taken place in Turkey in the last quarter of a century.

The government's present attitude is even more striking in view of the fact that Germany has been Turkey's best customer. During the first eight months of 1939 more than 50 per cent of all Turkish exports were sold to Germany, which in turn provided 55 per cent of Turkey's total imports. Obviously the Allies must have given Turkey complete assurance that it will be able to find other customers with which to do business, at least until the war is over; there was a Turkish-German commercial agreement which expired about the time of Germany's invasion of Poland. The London *Economist* is strongly of the opinion that the redistribution of trade was essential for Turkey and that continued subservience to German economic methods might have seriously endangered the very foundations of Turkish foreign trade. The first move of the Turkish government after the arrangement with Germany ended was to insure a complete supply of foodstuffs, and the next was to relax the control of exports in order to obtain necessary supplies of raw materials and semi-finished products from abroad.

Curiously enough, it is the United States that will profit most. The Turks decided to stimulate immediately the purchase of supplies of vital American goods, and the government obligated itself to lend dollars for use in the New York market. Limited companies have been set up to handle this new trade with the United States, and have been granted the exclusive right to deal with this country—a new departure in Turkish trade. Undoubtedly these new arrangements have given to Kemal's successor, Ismet Inönü, some of the confidence manifest in his sudden change of attitude and in the government's announcement that Turkey is not neutral. Naturally the Turkish people have no say about this; their dictator tells them what to do and when to die on the battlefield. Theirs but to do and die.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Wild Goose

JAMES JOYCE. By Herbert Gorman. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.50.

THE structure of Joyce's life is defined in his colophons. Dublin, 1904-Trieste, 1914; Trieste-Zurich-Paris, 1914-1921; Paris, 1922-1939. These cities are the signals of his destiny, these dates the index of his elected career, and they tell a story that found its symbol in the title and allegory of his greatest book. It has remained for Mr. Gorman to supply one date and to span one interval—that from Joyce's birth in Rathgar on February 2, 1882, to the fateful morning of Bloomsday, June 16, 1904—for the design to stand complete. And it requires only a glance at the portraits in this biography—aloof, quizzical, intense, remote—to catch the note of daemonic conviction that drove its hero to repudiate his Irish birthright that he might claim his European inheritance and so forge in the smithy of his soul the uncreated conscience of his race. Yet he remained spiritually anchored in his native port, whose subtlest details of life and history no long term of "silence, exile, and cunning" was ever able to efface from his mind.

No life—certainly no creative life—is successful that does not find its instinctive pattern, its final embodiment in a myth or allegory of the spirit. In Joyce a tenacious egoism of this kind existed from childhood. It is not strange that he held contemptuously aloof from the conscious aestheticism and elaborately dramatized cultural ambitions of the Irish Revival of his youth. Yeats's pursuit of selfhood, of "unity of being," must have seemed a luxurious and experimental indulgence to the fierce sense of integrity that possessed Joyce in 1904, dictating his future course of exile and hardship, and standing over him, like a tyrant with a rod, until he had vindicated his pride by producing his books. He wrote them against every conceivable obstacle of poverty, persecuting publishers, popular hostility, and terrifying physical affliction. "Steeled in the school of old Aquinas," he accepted a logic more ruthless than that of the eclectic schools or aesthetic experiments flourishing around him. Fitful, defeated, and tragically distracted though his middle years appear in this narrative, there flies through them the arrow of his life's central and undeviating passion. When it struck its goal the last word of "Ulysses" was written, and the word was Yes.

"Formal criticism of Joyce's work has no part in this book," says Mr. Gorman, and the quality of its writing—rough, rapid, graphic, and gross—does not make one regret the omission. Even in matters of fact there is some room for protest. One would like to have more details on Joyce's early studies and reading. At least three generally known aspects of his personal life are vaguely passed over. The making of "Finnegans Wake" is handled sketchily by comparison with the exhaustive genesis supplied for "Ulysses," and its central motives are wholly ignored. And despite Joyce's close assistance, Mr. Gorman grows obtuse when it comes to specifying the nature of Joyce's family relations, his religious and political emotions, and his aesthetic beliefs. None of these facts is omitted by the test of formal criticism, and they insist on the future collaboration between biography and criticism which a career, a background, and an art like Joyce's make imperative. Meanwhile, Mr. Gorman's documents are of the liveliest appeal. His account of the Dublin days, of schooling at Clongowes, Belvedere, and University College, of the Italian and Swiss years, and of Joyce's reappearance on the scene of Paris supplements at every point the exegesis of Stuart Gilbert and Frank Budgen.

The central fact of Joyce's career is his unremitting and undeflected tenacity of purpose. But another fact emerges—the felicity of his defeats. They caused his break with Dublin at what appears to have been the precisely opportune moment; they rescued him from Paris bohemianism in 1903; they saved him from obscure collusion with the frightened publishers of Dublin and London and so gave his books time to have a critical reception prepared for them before being mauled by the general public; at their worst, in the shape of his ruined eyesight, they even brought him munificent financial relief just when he most needed the seclusion that prepared the path for his ascent to the lonely and uncharted country of "Finnegans Wake." What Mr. Gorman makes most impressive is the unflagging enthusiasm of Joyce's spirit, not only in relation to the endless labor of his manuscripts and proof sheets, but in the personal contacts, trivial diversions, and practical anxieties of his life. To anyone who has caught, at the heart of his tales, their piercing human compassion, high mirth, and exquisite sympathy for the meanest pathos of obscure and blundering lives, it comes as a special force to find that Joyce carried these qualities into his daily life, making them the obverse of the pride and intransigence of his aesthetic and moral temper. Like many men of taste and intelligence, he has written ribald and scurrilous verse all his life, and like most men of taste and intelligence he has left them unpublished. Mr. Gorman includes a number of them, and they immediately suggest the tradition of Swift. Joyce's lifelong love of music and lyric verse, his early reverence for Ibsen, his taste in verse translation, his wit in satire and travesty, the domiciliary restlessness natural to a man who has rejected the true home of his spirit—these facets of his intelligence reveal the complex and multiplied consciousness that has existed in a physical life of the most rigorous and straitened circumstances. They account for a temperament endlessly curious, exploring, mercurial, and sympathetic—and quite as endlessly disciplined by a purpose and by ineffaceable personal and racial allegiances.

They also make it imperative to recognize in Joyce's art the basic components of his character: its Catholic conscience, its racial and aesthetic sentimentality, its formal discipline, its expressive faculty, and the continuous sublimation of its fancies in the most minutely recorded and remembered realism, even when it plumbs the darkest abysses of dream. Superficially his life is fitful, defiant, agonized, and remote.

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It has never been evasive, listless, irresponsible, or unreal. The daemon that possessed it made virtues of its defects, and so gave Joyce's books the tragic insight, the long persistence, the comprehensive humor, and the isolated courage that form their claim to distinction among the discoveries of the spirit.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

Dissenting Opinion

THE AMERICAN ENTENTE. By R. B. Mowat. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

THE DEADLY PARALLEL. By C. Hartley Grattan. Stackpole Sons. $2.

KEEP AMERICA OUT OF WAR. By Norman Thomas and Bertram D. Wolfe. Frederick A. Stokes. $1.50.

THE SECOND WORLD WAR: FIRST PHASE. By Duff Cooper. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

HITLER'S GERMANY. By Karl Loewenstein. The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

THE WAY OUT OF WAR. By Cesar Saerchinger. The Macmillan Company. 60 cents.

EGOTISM IN GERMAN PHILOSOPHY. By George Santayana. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

WAR IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. Edited by Willard Waller. Random House. $3.

CAN AMERICA STAY NEUTRAL? By Allen W. Dulles and Hamilton Fish Armstrong. $2.50.

AMERICA'S CHANCE OF PEACE. By Duncan Aikman and Blair Bolles. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $1.

COMMON SENSE NEUTRALITY. Edited by Paul Comly French. Hastings House. $2.

IM WESTEN, NICHTS NEUES, but on the American literary front the carnage is terrific. The point of view expressed in this latest batch of war books ranges from that of R. B. Mowat's "American Entente" to that of C. Hartley Grattan's "The Deadly Parallel." Mowat's book may win him the Garter, but Grattan's will shut the door forever on an honorary degree from Nicholas Murray Butler. Mowat is professor of history at an English university, but judging from his book he does not always practice what he professes. His account of Anglo-American relations, ending in the conclusion that the two nations "completely trust each other," has a high sugar content and is rich in butter fat. Grattan's book is a fighting-mad comparison between the propaganda that took us into the last war and the propaganda helping to get us into this one. Norman Thomas and Bertram D. Wolfe present a no-entanglement program that includes restoration of the arms embargo, reduction of Presidential powers to make war (and mischief), and control or government ownership of the munitions industry. The articles and speeches of Duff Cooper collected in "The Second World War: First Phase" should help disabuse Americans of the notion that the British ruling class has any intention of turning this war into a crusade for democracy. I hasten to add that the conclusions I drew from the book do not seem to be the ones intended.

None of my best friends are Nazis, but I cannot approach these books in the belief that the present war is "a struggle between two totally incompatible ideas of man's destiny." In Karl Loewenstein's able and compact "Hitler's Germany: The Nazi Background to War" I see the picture of a state based on ideas of man's destiny totally incompatible with those which underlie democracy. But judging from their conduct at Munich and on other occasions, I am not at all sure that Chamberlain and Daladier share that point of view, and they are not without influence in the running of the war. It may be, as Loewenstein contends, that Hitler will be overthrown "only if the regime is shaken in its foundations by serious blows on the battlefield." But I am dubious when he writes that revolution "will occur only if and when the victorious armies of the Western powers pour into Germany and allow the people to burn out the regime to its roots." I find it hard to picture the armies of Chamberlain and Daladier supporting a German revolution. Neither can fairly be described as Old Bolsheviks. Their own preferences are for a "conservative insurrection." Pale pink is apt to look red in Chamberlain's limited political spectrum. As for helping to burn out the regime "to its roots," that seems definitely on the optimistic side. For the roots of Hitlerism are intertwined with the roots of Anglo-French imperialism, with the rivalry of Britain and Germany for markets and for sea power, and with the old struggle between Germany and France over the Rhine. Hitler cannot "organize" Europe. But neither can Britain and France, except in the sense that they organized it at Versailles. As Cesar Saerchinger says in "The Way Out of War," a new addition to the Macmillan People's Library, "Hitler himself was only the symptom of a disease that has been gnawing at Europe's vitals for years." The struggle between the fascist and the democratic powers seems to me only an extension in intensified form of the imperialist struggle. The ideological factor is largely a smoke screen. The Nazis were ready to give up their hatred for bolshevism when a pact with the U. S. S. R. suited their purposes. The U. S. S. R. was ready to revise the "line" of the Comintern for a pact with Berlin. The Allies, cultivating the friendship of those well-known democrats, Franco and Mussolini, might be glad to give up the struggle between "two incompatible ideas of man's destiny" for an alliance with Hitler against the U. S. S. R.

Like Grattan, I see no issue here that warrants American intervention. I see no solution to this conflict that could possibly compensate us for the expenditure of lives and money, and for the bigotry, madness, and folly inevitably unchained by war. This struggle among England, France, Germany, and Russia, with the line-up shifting as strategy dictates, has been going on ever since the appearance of the European state system. The ideologies change. The basic factors of national interest, geographical position, and commercial rivalry remain virtually the same. I strongly suspect that the interminable wars will end only, as did the similarly suicidal warfare of the Greek cities, with mutual exhaustion. The issues, as always, are cloaked in moral terms. They were last time, as "The Deadly Parallel" shows. Grattan's hard-hitting little book may be recommended to the fevered and the perplexed. This new war began as the last war did—in a clash between German and Anglo-French imperialism, masked on the Allied side then as a crusade against Kaiserism. Judging from Duff Cooper's interview with reporters last October on his arrival

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in New York, the Allies—having fought one war to get rid of Kaiserism—are now fighting another to restore it.

The present struggle may also take up where the last one left off—in an attempt to make Russia safe for oil cartels and capitalism. I am not prepared to champion the present Russian regime. It seems to use the same kind of propaganda against the Finns that big powers—ourselves included—invariably use in their attacks on smaller neighbors. But whatever the true nature of the regime in Moscow, a holy war against it, like England's holy war against the "ungodly" Jacobinism of France a century and half ago, will be an excuse for the fiercest kind of repression at home of all who believe in social reform, though it be of the mildest variety. It is this, indeed, rather than concern for the poor downtrodden, ill-clothed, ill-housed, and ill-fed Russian workers that gives the idea of an anti-Soviet crusade such appeal in some circles. There comes to mind a certain Mr. Hoover, who made a reputation as a humanitarian by feeding hungry Belgians, lost it by refusing to feed hungry Americans, and is trying to regain it by feeding hungry Finns.

All the old nonsense about the Germans as a basically wicked and depraved people is reappearing. Scribner's has brought out a new edition of George Santayana's "Egotism in German Philosophy," which first showed us in 1916 the painful but instructive spectacle of the philosopher as mob. Santayana again abandons the life of reason in war time. Harry Elmer Barnes, writing of the last war in Willard Waller's comprehensive and useful symposium on "Wars in the Twentieth Century," should serve to remind us that the seeds of Kaiserism and Hitlerism may be found in the political thinking of Americans, Englishmen, and Frenchmen as well as in that of Germans. If Germany had its Treitschke and Bernhardi, France had its Barrès and Déroulède, England its Kipling and Cramb, we our Hearsts and Teddy Roosevelts.

Nothing is so likely to fertilize the seeds of fascism in the democracies as another war to end war. War is part of our civilization, just as the hope of ending war is always part of war propaganda. "The Western state system," Max Lerner writes in his shrewd contribution to the Waller symposium, "is as surely a war system as it is economically a capitalist system and politically a system of organized force." Idealists able to sway the masses with their eloquence are as necessary to a war system as munitions makers or professional soldiers. Men will not kill each other en masse except for the loftiest reasons. You will find these rationalizations of war time debated pro and con in "Can We Stay Neutral?" by Dulles and Armstrong (they think we can't), in "America's Chances of Peace" by Aikman and Bolles (they are not too hopeful) and in Paul C. French's symposium on "Common Sense Neutrality." Charles A. Beard's contribution to this symposium may be useful to those over-fearful of a German victory, and there is blunt Marine language in Major General Smedley D. Butler's warnings in the same volume. I particularly recommend for meditation two sentences from Willard Waller's discussion of theories as to the origins of war. "Perhaps the simplest theory, and the most widely held," Waller says, "is what we may call the moralistic theory. Wars are bad because bad men make them." Hitler is a bad man, but there's more to the war than that.

I. F. STONE

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American Painting as American

THE BIRTH OF THE AMERICAN TRADITION IN ART. By Oskar Hagen. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

THE question of European influences upon American culture has smoldered sullenly for a good many years, occasionally flaring up into acrimonious debate. Is American culture only an extension of European culture or has it developed a character of its own? In the field of art the contenders for a simple European transit have had things pretty much their own way, and their conclusions have been mainly disparaging. What they found in American art in its early phases was "illiterate versions" of European art and in recent decades feeble imitations or a backwash of European movements.

The weakness of this debate has been that its terms have been generalized. The prime materials, the pictures, have been insufficiently considered. Though other critics have done invaluable spade work in dating and describing early American paintings, Mr. Hagen is the first to view them in close comparison with the European art from which they have been supposed to derive. He is also the first to consider the early, mainly anonymous American works of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth century as anything more than scattered and sporadic. He finds in them a common approach that differs from that of the English or Dutch art to which they have been generally related: in other words, he advances, and I think successfully proves, that American art began to be distinctively American at the beginning, mainly by a reduction to primitive elements. In this connection Mr. Hagen's evaluation of Tudor and Stuart art is new. At many points he offers the fruits of fresh research and a fresh synthesis, and he constantly ranges pictures or groups of pictures beside each other, the American against typical Dutch or English works, to establish comparisons. Fortunately he has a most sensitive perception of the peculiar qualities in form, color, handling which distinguish given works.

The lines which Mr. Hagen traces through our colonial art run from the early anonymous works through Feke—rather than Smibert, who is related here to the English school in portraiture—and thence to Copley, who makes the final subject of the book. Mr. Hagen has much that is illuminating to say about Copley's development in his American phase but perhaps even more about this artist's European career. The accepted conclusion has been that Copley's work declined when he went to England and entered the popular field of history painting, that he merely tagged after the prevailing English school. Mr. Hagen shows interestingly and conclusively that this was not true but that Copley achieved for this phase of art a new and broad use of form and a new emphasis upon detailed portraiture.

The tragedy for American art, as Mr. Hagen sees it, was that Copley did not return to this country to become the official history painter of the Revolution, thus to reestablish his powerful influence here in new terms. Perhaps in his enthusiasm for Copley Mr. Hagen argues in too summary a fashion that essential strands in an American tradition were cut because this artist chose to remain in England. Mr. Hagen himself has proved with much force that the tradition to which Copley gave a rich climax was well rooted in this country. This conclusion might have been demonstrated with even greater breadth, I believe, if he had chosen to consider more fully the varied work subsumed under the name of Pietr Vanderlyn, and, in its time sequence, that of Ralph Earl, to whom he gives only a few paragraphs. We could wish, too, that the qualities which Mr. Hagen believes to be peculiarly American had been discussed more freely. A somewhat naive angularity, a departure from social graces, a fairly uncompromising realism, a bold emphasis upon design: these make the main portion of it, but for the most part we must derive these qualities for ourselves, and occasionally the sense of them is lost in the abundance of biographical detail and in the running arguments with Mr. Alan Burroughs.

But the details have their importance, and Mr. Hagen's ardors are refreshing. He has written a basic work in all senses of the term, as important for its method of approach as for its disclosures. In "The Birth of the American Tradition" he reaches the era of the Revolution. Successive periods in American art are still pretty well tangled. We shall hope that he will bring to them his special discernments and similar comparisons in further volumes.

CONSTANCE ROURKE

The Imperfect Yankee

CALVIN COOLIDGE. By Claude M. Fuess. Little, Brown and Company. $4.75.

MOST people who begin to read a biography of Coolidge find themselves lying in wait for the didactic statement about New England. In the present book it appears on page 4: "Coolidge bore the unmistakable stamp of the perfect Yankee." The trouble with Coolidge biographers continues to be that they are suckers for Vermont. Cal was "New England incarnate," but in a country largely populated by New Englanders that is hardly a descriptive phrase. Let's forget then the platitudes about New England and remember only the simpler picture of a runt in a lean land.

Mr. Fuess's biography invites comparison with William Allen White's "Puritan in Babylon." In his introduction Mr. White admits that his book is an apology. Mr. Fuess's introduction on the other hand closes with these words: ". . . he was a great and a good man." And his book is the more revealing because he has been less aware of what there was to conceal.

"Calvin Coolidge" is an "in-no-sense-official" biography. Writing in the easy, assured style of the after-dinner biographer Mr. Fuess paints a picture of a pocket Lincoln. It's a portrait for the White House library, but the interesting thing about it is that the painter let something slip in. Unseen by the artist the unhappy shadow of the true Cal rises from the canvas like a mist.

The trouble all began when Galoosh Coolidge, who had a touch of the heroic, married the woman who introduced the pickle-puss strain into the Coolidges. Humor went; only up-country wit remained. Cal's father was a big man with Galoosh's big expressive mouth, but he wore it pulled down at the corners in complacent, unrelenting righteousness; his son Cal was to make the pickle famous.

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Coolidge's mother was slight of frame and a chronic invalid; she died when he was twelve. From her Cal inherited his smallish stature and less rugged health. He was a high-average boy in most ways, this runt, and strong enough to get along; but he liked to tease smaller boys and little girls and therefore must have been teased himself. He was very, very shy; so probably he was intimidated at home. His grandmother used to shut him in a windowless attic, and he never went there twice for the same offense. Once she gave him a dollar not to go to a dance, and he not only took the money but stayed away from the dance. Of his father he said, "I cannot recall that I ever knew of his doing a wrong thing." Cal never rebelled against authority. He just harbored a wistful memory of his mother and tried hard to please. If he forgot to fill the wood-box he got up in the night to do it so as to avoid a row in the morning. Spending his childhood among more vital people, Cal, the runt, had to live by his wits. His strategy was simple: be a good boy and never fly in the face of authority.

At Amherst the runt came in among the last in a ceremonial sophomore race and as a forfeit had to make a speech. This is how it ended, "Remember, boys, the Good Book says, 'The last shall be first, the first last.'" That crack made Coolidge popular, but it did more. It summed up the philosophy of the runt who survives because there is no glory in his defeat. From here on the successful life of Coolidge presents itself with tragic justice. The exultation of victory deserved was never his. He could achieve only scorn, the scorn of the wood-box filler for the fire lighter; the scorn that a man like Coolidge, who above all knows his own value, must have for the fool world that will swallow Coolidge. He had self-respect resting on a conviction of inadequacy and motivated by a consuming filial love.

When Coolidge got out of Amherst, he asked his father to decide what he should do. He went to the Massachusetts legislature, and the first bill he introduced was one to prohibit the licensing of cars that could go over twenty miles an hour. As governor he did nothing in the Boston police strike, but when the smoke had cleared he admirably stated the people's case. Here was Cal who always knew the score as a wood-box filler, knew how much wood had been burned, yet who could never call the next play because he had never dared try to lead. Here was Cal who understood that the world couldn't tell a score-keeper from a score-maker; here was Cal, made by a dozen fools, as the Boston *Herald* pointed out in an article that it and Fuess thought was a defense; here was Cal, pathetically, honestly grateful to all those dozen fools; here was Cal who asked his father to swear him into office ostensibly as a loving publicity gesture while really he compelled a final obeisance to Colonel John's good boy. When his father was dying Calvin wrote him: "I think only two or three fathers have seen their sons chosen to be President. . . If that was what you wanted you have much to be thankful for. . . ." In March, 1926, Coolidge's father died, and a little more than a year later Coolidge handed his "I do not choose" to the reporters. Coolidge did not choose because the man who in spirit—and often in fact—had always chosen for him was dead. Cal was just biographer bait from then on

This is the man who in the platinum-plated twenties was so far behind the age that all the world thought he might be

"Do you know how I would live if I renounced religion and was illogical enough to disbelieve in a life beyond—in the real life? Why, if I threw away and denounced my faith, I would surround myself with the most adroit hijackers, learn every trick of the highest banking and stock manipulations, avail myself of the laws under which to hide my own crimes, create a smokescreen to throw into the eyes of men and —believe me, I would become the world's champion crook."

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ahead; the laissez-faire-weather President who let the bandwagon get out of hand and quacked speedometer readings to the heedless world with the voice of Donald Duck and the heart of the third little pig. This is the ghost that rises from the pages of the Fuess biography, and this is Mr. Fuess's great and good man, his "perfect Yankee." It is a merit of the painting that it gives off a ghost so easily, a ghost who is just one of history's routine ironies but who, none the less, undeceived and sad, looks at his oily portrait with a pathos that is tragic and—in a nation of imperfect Yankees—universal as well. LOVELL THOMPSON

Murder Stories Will Out

WINDLESS CABINS. By Mark Van Doren. Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

I HAVE too much respect for Mr. Van Doren's abilities to believe that this second novel of his is actually a very recent piece of writing, unless, like Carlyle with "Past and Present," he may have dashed it off as a bit of recreation after the arduous labor of a large, serious volume—in this case, his study of Shakespeare. "Windless Cabins" is a very romantic murder story in which the principal characters have all the trappings of Victorian melodrama except black cloak and lace-trimmed parasol. Not that a poetic murder yarn is anomalous *per se*—witness "Macbeth" and "Hamlet"—but when you make your hero a man-of-all-work in a tourist cabin camp and furnish him with a family of plain American white trash, the reader wants to be able to believe in him and wants his simple country sweetheart to be a woman of flesh and blood. Here the rustic protagonists talk like starry-eyed hero and ethereal lady out of Charlotte M. Yonge; the diabolical Mr. Delano, with his smooth tongue and slick city ways, merely drives a sleek roadster instead of twirling a sleek mustache; and the eccentric old aunt who terrifies everyone but eventually solves the lovers' problem sounds about as plausible as a ghost.

There is some beautiful writing in the chapters that depict the young hero's morbid imaginings after he has accidentally killed Delano in a fit of anger; that is the part in which a poet, like Mr. Van Doren, naturally would let himself out, reveling in vivid, fanciful prose. But you have to believe in people before you sympathize with their self-torturings, and I found the only convincing folk in the story were Dutch Berger and his wife, cloddish owners of Windless Cabins, where the whole unlikely tragedy occurs.

LOUIS B. SALOMON

Coming Soon in *The Nation*

Max Eastman's "Stalin's Russia and the Crisis in Socialism"

Reviewed by ABRAM L. HARRIS

"The Collected Poems of A. E. Housman"

Reviewed by MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

About Vitamins

VITAMINS IN THEORY AND PRACTICE. By Leslie J. Harris. The Macmillan Company. $3.

THE VITAMINS—A SYMPOSIUM. The Americal Medical Association. $1.50.

IN THE past year I have received a number of requests for good books on nutrition and on vitamins. In response to these inquiries, I recommend the two volumes listed above.

In "Vitamins in Theory and Practice," a worker in this particular field has put together the various lines of attack leading to the knowledge that proteins, carbohydrates, minerals, and fats alone are not sufficient to maintain an animal. Dr. Harris writes well and is not afraid to depict the struggles and the drama that surrounded these investigations. It is not generally known that two lines of scientific work converged in the vitamin field. There was on the one hand the study of adequate diet, which led to the startling discovery, for a long time not accepted, that the old basic dietary mentioned above—proteins, etc.—needed accessory foods to complete it. On the other hand, scientists had found that certain diseases, such as beri-beri, scurvy, and rickets, could be cured by minute amounts of some mysterious substance. When these two avenues finally converged, a new group of deficiency diseases emerged, separate from diseases of germ origin. The League of Nations last year officially recognized this classification of diseases, and in so doing took an important step in the liberation of medical thought in general from the overapplication of the germ theory to all diseases.

Dr. Harris surveys the older work that led to remedies for this or that disease without any knowledge of the mechanism of the cure. This makes interesting reading today, because it can now be seen how significant those early discoveries were. In the last few years England has awakened to the problem of general malnutrition resulting from inadequate vitamins. For this awakening men like the author have been largely responsible, because they have taken their discoveries into the field of public health and demanded that the knowledge be used for the public betterment. In the United States we still lack, to cite one example, any organized attack upon pellagra in the South, a disease known to be due to the lack of vitamin P. Our public-health departments have elected the germ in preference to economic conditions as their archenemy. However, even the economic aspect of deficiency disease is well treated by Dr. Harris.

The increasingly wide demand for vitamins in this country has led the American Medical Association to prepare a symposium on the subject, in which authorities in various sections of vitamin research have summarized the work in their own special fields. The result of this method is of course that some chapters are extremely lucid, while others are not. It is, however, an excellent compilation and, in combination with Dr. Harris's book, makes a reference work of great usefulness. To those wishing authoritative information on this subject, such as dietitians, teachers, and parents, I suggest the reading of the first book and consultation of the second. The symposium is, of course, the better annotated, but since Harris was writing for the general public his account is by far the more readable. HUGH H. DARBY

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MUSIC

WEBSTER AITKEN'S playing at his recent recital reminded one of the fact that the performer's art, no less than the composer's, the painter's, the writer's, involves the operation of mind and feeling on a material, and that a performance, no less than a painting, a piece of writing, or music, may exhibit the style that is the impress on a material of individual and forceful qualities of mind and feeling. For listening to Mr. Aitken's playing in the first movement of the Schubert-Krenek Sonata—listening, for example, to the powerful tensions between sounds in a phrase, between phrases in the huge span of the movement—one was aware above all of a style which distinguishes his playing from what is to be heard day in and day out in the concert halls, a style which expresses a way of feeling and thinking about music, of concentrating it down to its essence, that sets him apart from other pianists. That this way of feeling and thinking is not yet fully developed, not yet equal, for example, to the demands of the slow movement of Beethoven's "Hammerklavier" Sonata, is less surprising and less important than that already in so young an artist it is as developed and forceful as it is, that already it is fully equal to the demands of the opening section of the last movement. Even now it makes Mr. Aitken lonely—amid other pianists, amid listeners with ears not for his subtle musicianship in the first movement of the Schubert but for his brilliant virtuosity in the Fuleihan Sonata. And he may expect to be lonelier.

Among further releases under the new Royale label the best are a group of records (ten-inch, $.75) offering some fine vocal music well sung by the Madrigal Singers under the leadership of Lee Jones. The works are Morley's "It Was a Lover and His Lass" and "Dainty Fine Sweet Nymph," Weelkes's "Hark All Ye Lovely Saints," and Gastoldi's "Maidens Fair of Mantua's City" (1790); Weelkes's "Sing We at Pleasure," Wilbye's "Adieu Sweet Amarillis," Morley's "Sing We and Chant It," and the Coventry Carol (1791); Morley's "My Bonny Lass She Smileth," the carol "On Christmas Night," Gevaert's "The Sleep of the Child Jesus," and John Benet's "All Creatures Now Are Merry Minded" (1793); Victoria's superb "O Magnum Mysterium" and Guerrero's "Ave Virgo Sanctissima" (1792); Vecchi's "So Ben Mi Ch'a Bon Tempo," Lassus's "Matona, Mia Cara," Praetorius's "Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming," and the old French song "From Lyons as I Journeyed" (1794).

On two twelve-inch Royale records (577/8, $2) is Vivaldi's fine Concerto in A minor, played without distinction or grace by Eddy Brown, Roman Totenberg, and a little string orchestra. Two ten-inch records (1826/7, $1.50) offer a better performance by Messrs. Brown, Totenberg, Benno Rabinoff, and Boris Schwarz with strings led by Ernst Victor Wolff at the harpsichord, but a work—an obscure concerto by Leonardo Leo—which, after an impressive beginning, justifies its obscurity. And I advise against Alfred Mirovich's records ($.75 each) of Debussy's "Minstrels" and "The Girl with the Flaxen Hair" (1820), and "The Ox-Cart," "The Old Castle," and "The Great Gate of Kiev" from Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" (1819, 1821); and the Royale Symphony Orchestra's versions of Schubert's Unfinished and Mozart's G minor (Albums 21 and 22, $3.50 each).

The same company has issued under its Varsity label ($.35) a large number of jazz recordings by small bands. Most of them are run-of-the-mill; and of these the Varsity Seven's "Scratch My Back" and "Save It Pretty Mama" (8135), with Benny Carter, Coleman Hawkins, and Joe Sullivan, are better than average. The outstanding performances are the Jess Stacy "Breeze" (the fox-trot, not the blues) (8121), and "I Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me" and "Clarinet Blues" (8132)—the last not for the clarinet solos but for what Stacy does behind the soloists and alone. Other superb jazz performances are the Muggsy Spanier "At the Jazz Band Ball" and "Livery Stable Blues" (Bluebird 10518) and "Riverboat Shuffle" and "Relaxin' at the Touro" (Bluebird 10532); Earl Hines's piano solos, "Rosetta" and "Glad Rag Doll" (Bluebird 10555); and Mildred Bailey's "There'll Be Some Changes Made" (Vocalion 5268), with Mary Lou Williams at the piano. Jimmy Blanton, the new bass player of the Ellington Orchestra, does some playing that is astonishingly inventive and agile in his duets with Ellington, "Blues" and "Plucked Again" (Columbia 35322); but even an inventive and agile string bass is not something one enjoys listening to at length. Alec Templeton's "Phonograph Record, Player Piano, and Carmen

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Lombardo" and "Mendelssohn Mows 'em Down" (Victor 26440) are diverting but not on the level of his devastating burlesque of Walter Damrosch in "Three Little Fishies" (Victor 26402); his performance of "Night and Day" on the reverse side, which is serious, is terrible.

The Lafayette eleven-tube BB-17 for $119.95, which I have heard at last, is not a Scott twenty-tube or thirty-tube set; and if you want the sound of a Scott you will have to buy a Scott. But if you have only $119.95 to spend, the Lafayette, unlike other commercial products, is honest value and a well-sounding machine. Since the size and weight of the cabinet contribute a great deal to this sound, you will not get as good reproduction from the BB-13 for $96.50, which is the same set in a lighter cabinet. And lighter cabinets make part of the difference in the eight-tube BB-8 for $84.95 and the A.C.-D.C. twelve-tube CC-46 for $107.50, both of which, however, are also good machines for their prices. All these prices, incidentally, are for the machines without automatic record-changers.

The Magnavox radio-phonographs I heard, from the Belvedere down, sounded very poor to me. Magnavox, regrettably, no longer makes the Symphony, but it still makes its excellent table model, the Concerto.

I am informed that research in wear on the sapphire needle has led to the conclusion that this needle should not be used in a pickup with needle-point pressure of more than one ounce, which means any crystal or magnetic pickup you are likely to encounter. Use a jewel point only with a pickup especially designed for it; with the ordinary pickup use steel.

B. H. HAGGIN

FILMS

WITH "Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet" (Warner Brothers), as with "The Grapes of Wrath," Hollywood takes a great step forward. The picture is in theme and presentation so mature that it provides a deep and exciting experience. It surpasses the films of the biographical genre that we have seen before in every respect. Here are no cheap melodramatics but instead great emotions and spiritual processes presented with power and suspense. The necessary dramatic short cuts are achieved by condensation not by falsification of the historical material. The result appeals simultaneously to heart and intelligence, and is as fascinating as life itself. The picture really lets one take part in one of the momentous fights of science against disease and of a great man against the limitations of his fellow-men. John Huston, Heinz Herald, and Norman Burnside have written an original screen play which sets a new standard in many respects. It was possible for them to do this because they were allowed to handle a mature theme honestly. The producers must be congratulated for giving them the opportunity. In this connection it seems a rather crude attempt to shift the responsibility for hundreds of thousands of yards of film trash when Mr. Hays, head of the Motion Picture Producers' and Distributors' Association, confronted with the universal success of pictures like "The Grapes of Wrath" and "Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet," remarks that he does not think the producers have become appreciably more mature-minded but rather that scenario writing has very much improved.

If the authors of the script make a tense epic of the long and lonely fight of Dr. Ehrlich which resulted in the production of the effective anti-syphilis medicine "Ehrlich-Hatta 606," its presentation has been ably handled in every department. Edward G. Robinson as Dr. Ehrlich is not only better than he has ever been before, but he gives one of the greatest performances ever seen on the screen. His simplicity in portraying a great man without putting his words in quotes should be an example for other actors called to similar tasks. There is not one false touch in his moving characterization. The many outer and inner transformations which the character undergoes in a period of thirty-five years—the picture starts by showing the young, unknown doctor and ends with the old, world-famous scientist on his deathbed—are indicated so naturally that one scarcely notices them as they occur. The actor builds a character by means of many little unobtrusive details. Naive, sincere, and uncompromising in a quiet way, Dr. Ehrlich dominates his surroundings by virtue of his inner force. There is no love story, but the tenderness with which he appreciates his wife and home gives the film more true feeling than is found in a hundred romances.

William Dieterle, with excellent understanding for the atmosphere of imperial Germany, directs a supporting cast of many first-class players. Among them is Albert Bassermann, for the first time on the American screen. This greatest of German actors—in the opinion of many he is the greatest living actor—left Germany voluntarily, declining the offers Dr. Goebbels made him. His Dr. Koch is, as was to be expected, a masterpiece of imaginative acting. After this try-out Warner Brothers gave him a contract. We hope they will soon find a great part for him.

It is not easy to step down from the artistic and spiritual heights of "Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet" to the usual run of pictures. They offer at best a single performance which has to be accepted for the whole if one is not going to want to leave the theater before the end. Such a performance can be seen in the English-made "Earl of Chicago" featuring Robert Montgomery in the part of a sly, half-crazy Chicago gangster who inherits a Scottish peerage. The actor, who is much too little seen nowadays, creates within the framework of the grotesque story a believable and very entertaining character.

"Sidewalks of London" (Paramount release) shows Vivien Leigh before she became Scarlett. She and Charles Laughton have excellent moments, but the picture as a whole—about street entertainers—is rather dated.

"Castle on the Hudson" (Warner Brothers) repeats again the sickening story of Pat O'Brien attempting to reform an East Side criminal. John Garfield this time replaces James Cagney; everything else is the same.

The French picture "The Human Beast," based on Emile Zola's "La Bête Humaine," has many powerful scenes and should not be missed. Jean Gabin and Simone Simon play under Jean Renoir's direction a love story of sweeping passion and insane brutality in the best tradition of French realism.

FRANZ HOELLERING

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Letters to the Editors

What the Nazis Think

Dear Sirs: While the crew of the Columbus was detained at Ellis Island, one of the immigration officers had frequent conversations with an intelligent German petty officer of that ship. The German claimed he had a brother high in Nazi circles. Here are some notes of the talks:

Germany expects to be "sort of" victorious after an exhaustive war. Shortages will in time be made up through trade with nearby neutrals and the breaking of the British blockade by air "smashes." British tonnage losses are already far more than they publish. The Germans are inured to hardship by the long years of iron Nazi discipline. There will be no crack-up because the older people are apathetic and resigned. The Gestapo gets stronger all the time. Next to Hitler, Himmler is supreme. The ardent Nazi youths are not at the front but are on police duty in Germany and in the conquered regions. The German generals will make no attempt to rush the war to a quick conclusion, but they expect the Allied war ministries to make that fatal mistake. Göring has at last won Hitler over to that point of view. There is one chance in a thousand that they may be goaded to rashness by insulting personal propaganda emanating directly from leaders of the enemy governments. They become furious at lies that tell how luxuriously the Nazi chieftains live—coffee for Göring; cigars, meat, wine for the mighty—because envy is no small trait in the German people.

Contrary to gossip, Hitler does not contemplate suicide if Germany is beaten. He will disappear and remain in hiding for the remainder of his life. He wants to live to see a world-wide annihilation of all Jews. He is certain that this will be brought on after the war by the economic and political chaos in all countries. He believes that the United States will have a Dictator-President or a "man behind the throne" dictator by 1945 or soon after. This man will rise to power on an anti-bolshevik, anti-religious, anti-labor, and anti-Jewish-plutocracy appeal to the poor and unemployed masses. Liberalism, labor, and Jews will be held responsible for the huge national debt and the post-war industrial dislocation. Hitler feels that his propaganda will have gained such momentum by 1945 that the defenders of democracy will bow to the inevitable.

ARTHUR D. POPE

New York, February 25

The Lesser Evil

Dear Sirs: The editorial called Shadow and Substance in the February 10 issue of *The Nation* might better have been called The Lesser of Two Evils. You mention the horrors of Nazism and rightly advise us to steel ourselves against Nazi propaganda. At the same time you admit the questionable motives of the Allies in the war, but tell us that these are "not really relevant" to the present crisis, that we must ignore these "imperfections" or we will leave ourselves wide open for Nazi propaganda and eventual dominance.

During the 1914-18 conflict most of us were not aware of the real causes —imperialism, monopolies, etc. We believed along with *The Nation* in the war-to-make-the-world-safe-for-democracy hoax. After the war the real causes were exposed, and we were told that the "democracy" issue had been unimportant.

Now Europe is again at war. Fascism and Hitlerism have replaced monarchism and Kaiserism. Must the readers of *The Nation* wait another five, ten, or fifteen years to learn what is relevant or irrelevant in this war? Shall we allow war hysteria, fanned by British and French propaganda, to lead America into another hollow war for democracy?

MARYBELLE PIATT

New York, February 27

The Future of the "Met"

Dear Sirs: I have read with interest the article in your issue of February 17 in regard to the Metropolitan Opera. Without attempting at this time to comment in detail, I do want to point out that our present problem is one of maintaining the opera and continuing it without interruption. This campaign is not one to perpetuate the present house.

All plans for a new opera house with which I am familiar involve the expenditure of from $10,000,000 to $12,000,000. It seems to us that the raising of any such sum under present conditions would be quite impossible. Therefore the Metropolitan Opera Association, the producing company, has put forward the present plan to acquire the opera-house property, to strengthen its financial position, to make certain physical changes in the house, and to broaden its influence in a way which we hope will lead to still greater achievements for opera and music in general.

If we are unsuccessful in this effort and if we are unable to meet the present situation, then it seems that there must be an interruption in the production of opera in New York—certainly so far as the Metropolitan Opera is concerned. This, we believe, would naturally hamper any plans for the future, including the forward-looking suggestions made by a number of friends for the building of a new opera house.

As the matter stands today, more than one-third of the million dollars requested from the public has been subscribed. Approximately $125,000 of this amount has come from radio listeners in all parts of the United States and from Canada, Hawaii, British West Indies, Cuba, and Central and South America.

GEORGE A. SLOAN, Chairman,
Metropolitan Opera Fund

New York, February 26

Praise and Blame

Dear Sirs: I have found much less to criticize in *The Nation* since Louis Fischer and other writers joined us who are pro-socialist but anti-Stalinist. But the writer of the editorial on the recent statement of the National Catholic Welfare Conference (in the issue of February 4) is either bitterly prejudiced in respect to the Catholic church or simply did not read the document. He says it sounds like Buchman and makes fun of its emphasis on God. Well, isn't it a religious document? Then he declares, "It reads strikingly like the platform of a major political party." It does not, but if it did, how does this complaint go with the criticism that the statement is too pie-in-the-skyish? It cannot be both.

My point is that the criticism is grossly unfair and that we radicals lose by such factionalism and petty tactics. I know that the Ezekiel-Voorhis-Lauck group of planners for industrial expan-

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sion have found more support for their proposed bills in the group of Catholics around Father Ryan than among the most left-wing Protestant ministers. Obviously these Catholics advocate a pro-labor, transitional, planned, capitalist (somewhat socialized) economic order in language that does not impress *Nation* editors. Is this any reason for ridiculing them?

While criticizing you thus severely, I also want to commend you for carrying the suggestive articles by Lewis Corey. They are a major contribution to labor and radical thought.

FRANCIS A. HENSON

Washington, February 25

"New Masses" Under Fire

Dear Sirs: In commenting on the recent FBI raids in Detroit—a case which has since happily been dropped—*The Nation* wrote (issue of February 17): "Here as in the Browder case it [the FBI] seems to be looking for technical excuses to implement an anti-red drive." *The Nation* was right. Another case of this type is now being developed which has not been so well publicized. This is the grand-jury investigation of the *New Masses.*

At the beginning of the year Attorney General Murphy convoked a grand jury in Washington for the purpose of investigating a number of alleged crimes. He mentioned by name several organizations and individuals, among them two left-wing publishing houses. The newspapers proceeded to smear those named, stating that they had been charged with military espionage. So extraordinary was the procedure followed in initiating this grand-jury investigation that it drew a sharp editorial rebuke from the conservative Washington *Post.* Two editors of the *New Masses,* Joseph North and A. B. Magil, and its former business manager, George Willner, were summoned before the Washington grand jury, though there had been no mention of the magazine in Mr. Murphy's statement. The present business manager, Carl Bristel, was subpoenaed to appear before a New York grand jury in an investigation involving a totally different charge: conspiracy to violate the laws of the United States.

The questioning of these witnesses was predominantly political. Much of it was undoubtedly in violation of constitutional rights. It was clear that the grand jury had been sent on a fishing expedition in an effort to discover some technicality by which the continued publication of the *New Masses* could be rendered extremely difficult or impossible. Though all this may be strictly according to law, it ought to be recognized for what it is: a disguised attack on freedom of the press.

The *New Masses* has nothing to hide. It is a reputable magazine whose history goes back nearly twenty-nine years. It was suppressed once before—during the World War—for its political views, and it is being harassed now for the same reason. We urge readers of *The Nation* to protest to Attorney General Jackson and to President Roosevelt.

JOSEPH NORTH
A. B. MAGIL

New York, February 28

Anniversary Notes

Dear Sirs: On the occasion of *The Nation's* seventy-fifth anniversary I should like to recall to your readers a man who was one of the most militant spokesmen and writers for democracy that imperial Germany ever knew. In Heidelberg, where his body lies buried, these words were inscribed on his tombstone thirty years ago: "Dr. Theodor Barth, one who sowed the seeds of democratic ideals in our land."

In the New York Public Library can be found the complete volumes of *Die Nation*—the counterpart of your own outstanding journal—into which Dr. Barth breathed the finest spirit of German liberalism in politics, art, and science. Among the many well-known contributors to *Die Nation* were Theodor Mommsen, Ludwig Bamberger, Lasker, Lujo, Brentano, Brahms, Schlenther, and Rudolf Virchow—writers whose works are widely known and appreciated in the United States.

In 1879, when Bismarck initiated the period of protective tariffs, the free states of Hamburg, Bremen, and Lübeck began to look for a fearless and outspoken opponent of that policy. Such a man was Barth. O. G. Villard has characterized him as "the most brilliant opponent of Bismarck."

Although earlier Barth had been hostile to the Socialist Party, he came to realize that German democracy could be achieved only by active collaboration with the Social Democratic Workers' movement. The Liberal Party to which he belonged rejected that policy; indeed it formed a coalition with the Conservatives under Chancellor von Bülow, and in return for certain progressive concessions voted the notorious laws against the Polish minority. Barth's reply to this attitude of compromise was to leave the Liberal Party.

As a Christian and a liberal Dr. Barth believed in the necessity of defending civil liberties and minority rights and served for many years as president of the League to Combat Anti-Semitism.

He knew America well. In 1907 after several years of travel and study in this country he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Harvard University. His "American Impressions" and "Political Portraits" are of particular interest to Americans.

Now when we are looking forward with the whole democratic world to the day when Hitler's reign of barbarism will be smashed, we are confident that in the Germany of tomorrow men like Barth will come forward to bring a democratic Germany into the Federation of European States.

MARTIN SCHWARTZER

New York, February 15

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